L. Bible. O.T. Psalms
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A

NEW VERSION

OF

THE PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

FITTED TO THE TUNES USED IN CHURCHES.

BY

N. Brady, D. D. Chaplain in Ordinary,

AND

N. Tate, Esq. Poet-Laureat,

TO HIS MAJESTY.

WITH

NOTES,

PRACTICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

Birmingham:

Printed and Sold by W. Suffield & Co.

The One hundredth Psalm.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

NEW VERSION
OF
THE PSALMS.

PSALM I.

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents by ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits where men prophanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect law of God his business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day, and meditates by night.
3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams, with timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success all his designs attend.
4 Ungodly men and their attempts no lasting root shall find:
Untimely blasted and dispers'd, like chaff before the wind.
5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb before the judge's face:
No formal hypocrite shall then among the saints have place.
6 For God approves the just man's ways, to happiness they tend:
But sinners and the paths they tread, shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH restless and ungovern'd rage, why do the heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage, as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in council and in might, their various forces bring;
Against the Lord, they all unite, and his anointed king.
3 Must we submit to their commands? presumptuously they say;
No, let us break their slavish bands, and cast their chains away.
4 But God who sits enthron'd on high, and sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy, and mocks their vain design.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break on his rebellious foes,
And thus will he in thunder speak, to all that dare oppose:
6 "Tho' madly you dispute my will, "the King that I ordain,
"Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill, "shall there securely reign."
7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare God's uncontroul'd decree;
"Thou art my Son, this day, my heir, "have I begotten thee.
8 "Ask, and receive thy full demands, "thine shall the heathen be;
"The utmost limits of the lands, "shall be possess'd by thee.
9 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake, "and crush them ev'ry where;
"As massy bars of iron break, "the potter's brittle ware."
10 Learn then, ye princes, and give ear ye judges of the earth;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear, rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appease the Son with due respect, your timely homage pay,
Lest he revenge the bold neglect, incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger rise, who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies on his most holy name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the troublers of my peace!
And as their numbers hourly rise, so does their rage increase.

The first of these Psalms is generally supposed to have been composed by Ezra, who collected the five books of Psalms together; and seems to have been designed as a preface to the whole collection. The happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked, are therein most beautifully described.

2 Insu'ting, they my soul upbraid, and him whom I adore:
The God, in whom he trust, say they, shall rescue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence, on thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet lift up my head on high.
4 Since whensoe'er in like distress, to God I made my pray'r:
He heard me from his holy hill, why should I now despair?
5 Guarded by him. I laid me down, my sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep, through him in safety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes my courage shall confound;
Were they as many hosts as men that have beset me round.
7 Arise and save me, O my God, who oft hast own'd my cause,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me. and to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs, he only can defend;
His blessings he extends to all that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord, thou art my righteous Judge, to my complaint give ear;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress, have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O sons of men, to blot my fame devise?
How long your vain designs pursue, and spread malicious lies?
3 Consider, that the righteous man is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r, he always hears my voice.
4 Then stand in awe of his commands, flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts, and bend them to his will.
5 The place of other sacrifice let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fixt, on God alone rely.
6 While worldly minds impatient grow more prosp'rous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy, more lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine successively renew.
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head, and take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave, of thy defence possest.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, accept my secret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God, will I for help repair.
3 Thou in the morn my voice shall hear; and with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up, to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain canst never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy sacred dwelling place all evil dost remove.
5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain unpunish'd in thy view:
All such as act unrighteous things thy vengeance shall pursue.
6 The sland'ring tongue, O God of truth, by thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood and in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundless grace shall me to thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes, and humbly thee adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws, for watchful is my foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way, wherein I ought to go.
9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit, their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave, they flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counsels let them fall, oppress'd with loads of sin;
For they against thy righteous laws have harden'd rebels been.
11 But let all those who trust in thee, with shouts their joy proclaim:
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st, and all that love thy name.
12 To righteous men the righteous Lord his blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints, as with a shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain, and spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath, too heavy to be borne.
2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint, unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones, which thou alone canst cure.
3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind, and fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay to grant me thy relief;
4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat, and ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake, vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I thy glorious acts proclaim;
No pris'ner of the silent grave can magnify thy name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint, no hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs, is spent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim, my eyes with weakness close;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think on my insulting foes.
8 Depart ye wicked; in my wrongs ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears, and listens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r; and they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage to see that God protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd my trust alone in thee;
From all my persecutors rage, do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning foe; Lord, interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage lion, he my helpless soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er against his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life, who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting foes, my soul become a prey:
Let them to earth tread down my life, in dust my honour lay.
6 Arise, and let thy anger, Lord, in my defence engage,
Exalt thyself above my foes and their insulting rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf, the judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd. for injur'd innocence.
7 So to thy throne adoring crowds shall still for justice fly;
O! therefore for their sakes resume, thy judgment-seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the world, I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts, so let thy sentence be.
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men, together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom the hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; not only me, but all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for those who from his laws depart.
12 If they persist, he whets his sword, his bow stands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd, his pointed shafts are sent.
14 The plots are fruitless which my foe unjustly did conceive:
15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd his own untimely grave.
16 On his own head his spite returns, whilst I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fall'n, which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways of providence proclaim,
I'll sing the praise of God most high, and celebrate his name.

The sixth Psalm is the first of those called penitential, and it affords us two instructions: the first, to pray for deliverance, not only from temporal evils, but likewise pardon for our sins: the second, to have recourse to God only in time of our distress, and with an humble confidence to rely on his pardoning mercy.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou, how glorious is thy name!
In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung, nor fully reckon'd there:
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue thy boundless praise declare.
Thro' thee the weak confound the strong, and crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng, that thee and thine oppose.
3 When heav'n thy beauteous work on high employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky, with stars of feebler light;
4 What's man (say I) that Lord, thou lov'st to keep him in thy mind;
Or what his offspring that thou prov'st to him so wond'rous kind.
5 Him next in pow'r thou didst create to thy celestial train;
6 Ordain'd with dignity and state, o'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway, the beasts that prey and graze;
8 The bird that wings its airy way: the fish that cuts the seas,
9 O thou to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou! how glorious is thy name.

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works, thy wond'rous works declare.
2 The thought of them shall to my soul, exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high! triumphant praise Ill' sing.
3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn their backs in shameful flight;
Struck with thy presence down they fell, they perish at thy sight.
4 Against insulting foes advanc'd thou didst my cause maintain:
My right asserting from thy throne where truth and justice reign.
5 The insolence of heathen pride, thou hast reduc'd to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd and blotted out their name.
6 Mistaken foes your haughty threats are to a period come:
Our city stands, which you desire to make our common tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has his righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense, to punish or reward.
9 God is a constant sure defence, against oppressing rage:
As troubles rise, his needful aids in our behalf engage.
10 All those who have his goodness prov'd will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man that on his help rely'd.
11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord; from Sion his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world confess no other God.

PART II.

12 When he enquiry makes for blood, he'll call the poor to mind;
The injur'd humble man's complaint relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord, which spiteful foes create,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft from death's devouring gate.
14 In Sion then I'll sing thy praise to all that love thy name;
And with loud shouts of grateful joy, thy saving pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me, the heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare, insensibly betray'd.
16 Thus by the just returns he makes, the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men by their own plots, are shamefully o'erthrown.
17 No single sinner shall escape, by privacy obscur'd;
Nor nation from his just revenge, by numbers be secur'd.
18 His suff'ring saints when most distrest, he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crown'd, though for a time delay'd.

19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r, and let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce the guilty heathens doom.
20 Strike terror through the nations round, till by consenting fear,
They to each other, and themselves, but mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY presence why withdraw'st thou Lord, why hid'st thou now thy face;
When dismal times of deep distress call for thy wonted grace.
2 The wicked swell'd with lawless pride, have made the poor their prey:
O let them fall by those designs, which they for others lay.
3 For straight they triumph if success their thriving crimes attend;
And sordid wretches whom God hates, perversely they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themselves, their haughty pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn mind no thought of God remains.
5 Oppressive methods they pursue, and all their foes they slight;
Because thy judgments unobserv'd, are far above their sight.
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state shall unmolested be:
They think their vain designs shall thrive from all misfortunes free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their speech, with curses fill'd, and lies:
By which the mischief of their heart, they study to disguise.
8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd, and all their art employ;
The innocent and poor at once to rifle and destroy.
9 Not lions couching in their dens, surprize their heedless prey
With greater cunning: or express more savage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless man, and modest looks they wear:
That so deceiv'd, the poor may less their sudden onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring poor, nor their oppression heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise, stretch forth thy mighty arm,
And by the greatness of thy pow'r, defend the poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt, and proudly boasting say;
"Tush, God regards not what we do, "he never will repay."
14 But sure thou seest, and all their deeds impartially dost try;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor, on thee for aid rely.
15 Defenceless let the wicked fall, of all their strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark designs, till no remains are left.
16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord, which shall for ever stand;
Thou who the heathen didst expel from this thy chosen land.
17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear that to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray, and then accep'st their pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'st the fatherless and poor:
That so the tyrants of the earth may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God, a refuge always nigh:
Why should I like a tim'rous bird, to distant mountains fly?
2 Behold the wicked bend their bow, and ready fix their dart:
Lurking in ambush to destroy the man of upright heart.
3 When once the firm assurance fails, which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly from such deceitful arts.
4 The Lord hath both a temple here, and righteous throne above:
Where he surveys the sons of men, and how their councils move.
5 If God the righteous, whom he loves, for trial does correct:
What must the sons of violence whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge into their cup shall pour.
7 The righteous Lord, will righteous deeds with signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose the brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly men decay, O Lord, do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched days afford one just and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now can scarce believe what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive, and with a double heart.
3 But lips that with deceit abound can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound the proud blaspheming tongue.
4 In vain those foolish boasters say, "our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll still betray, "and be controul'd by none."
5 For God who hears the suff'ring poor, and their oppression knows;
Will soon arise and give them rest, in spite of all their foes.
6 The word of God shall still abide, and void of falshood be:
As is the silver sev'n times try'd from drossy mixture free,
7 The promise of his aiding grace shall reach its purpos'd end:
His servants from this faithless race, he ever shall defend.
8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd, nor know which way to fly:
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd, shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord, must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me? oh! never to return?
2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul, and grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult, and I have no redress?
3 O hear, and to my longing eyes restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep in everlasting night.
4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast 'twas their own strength o'ercame
Permit not them that vex my soul to triumph in my shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my trust beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then my heart with joy shall spring.
6 Then shall my song with praise inspir'd tô thee my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress, such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE wicked fools must needs suppose that God is nothing but a name:
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows, no breast is warm'd with holy [flame.
[high tow'r,
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns and all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his pow'r, if any truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were gone aside, all were degen'rate grown and [base
None took religion for their guide, not one of all the sinful race
4 But can these workers of deceit be all so dull and senseless grown;
That they like bread my people eat, and God's almighty pow'r disown
5 How will they tremble then for fear, when his just wrath shall them [o'ertake?
For to the righteous, God is near, and never will their cause forsake
6 Ill men in vain with scorn expose those methods which the good [pursue;
Since God a refuge is for those whom his just eyes with favour [view.
7 Would he his saving pow'r employ, to break his people's servile band
Then shouts of universal joy shall loudly echo thro' the land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair;
Not stranger like, to visit them, but to inhabit there.
2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed, by rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart disproves.
3 Who never did a slander forge his neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report, by malice whisper'd round.
4 Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r, can treat with just neglect:
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags, religiously respect.
5 Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood;
And tho' he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.
6 Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ:
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.
7 The man who by his steady course has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shake shall stand by providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes, and shield me, Lord, from harm;
Because my trust I still repose on thy almighty arm.
2 My soul all help but thine does slight, all gods but thee disown:
Yet can no deeds of mine requite the goodness thou hast shown.
3 But those that strictly virtuous are, and love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer, shall be my chief delight.
4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd who other gods adore?
Their bloody off'rings I detest, their very names abhor.
5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land, where God is truly known:
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand, 'tis he supports my throne.
6 In nature's most delightful scene my happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign all other lands out-vies.
7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord, whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford, in sorrow's dismal night,
8 I strive each action to approve to his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove, because he still is nigh.
9 Therefore my heart all grief defies, my glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hopes to rise, wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath, my soul from hell shalt free:
Nor let thy holy one in death the least corruption see.
11 Thou shalt the paths of life display which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay, and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my just plea and sad complaint, attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy sight I am approv'd, so let my sentence be:
And with impartial eyes, O Lord, my upright dealing see.
3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day, and visited by night:
And on the strictest trial found its secret motions right.
Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone my heart's designs acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my tongue shall no offence commit.
4 I know what wicked men would do, their safety to maintain:
But me thy just and mild commands from bloody paths restrain.
5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs, my innocence secure,
O! guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footsteps sure.
6 Since heretofore, I ne'er in vain to thee my pray'r addrest:
O! now, my God, incline thine ear to this my just request.

PSALM XVIII.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love in my defence engage,
Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints from their oppressors rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'rest care, thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes, that compass me about.
10 O'ergrown with luxury, enclos'd in their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming mouth both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boast, for they have now my paths encompass'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd, and couching on the ground.
12 In posture of a lion set, when greedy of his prey:
Or a young lion when he lurks within a covert way.
13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots, their swelling rage controul:
From wicked men, who are thy sword, deliver thou my soul.
14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge, whose portion's here below:
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, aspire no other bliss to know.
15 Their race is num'rous, that partake their substance while they live:
Their heirs survive, to whom they may the vast remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightness, thy face shall view without controul,
And, waking, shall its image find reflected in my soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 NO change of times shall ever my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
(shock
For thou hast always been a rock, a fortress and defence to me.
Thou my deliverer art, my God, my trust is in thy mighty pow'r.
Thou art my shield from foes abroad, at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I'll still address my pray'r, (to whom all praise we justly owe)
So shall I, by thy watchful care, be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men distress'd, with deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd, in death's unweildly fetters bound.
6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r, to God address'd my humble moan:
Who graciously inclin'd his ear, and heard me from his lofty throne.

PART II.

7 When God arose to take my part, the conscious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the hills did start, nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of smoke disperst abroad ensigns of wrath before him came,
Devouring fire around him glow'd, that coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light, while heav'n bow'd down its awful head
Beneath his feet substantial night, was like a sable carpet spread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings, which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings, with most amazing swiftness flew.
11, 12 Black wat'ry mists and clouds with thickest shades his face to veil;
(conspir'd
But at his brightness soon retir'd, and fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
13 Thro' heavens wide arch a thund'ring God's angry voice did loudly roar:
(peal,
While earth's sad face, with heaps of and flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
(hail,
14 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble light'nings flew, and quickly finish'd their defeat.
15 The deep it's secret stores disclos'd; the world's foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd, which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PSALM XVIII.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my side engage, from heav'n (his throne) my cause up-
(held,
And snatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly
(swell'd.
17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd, my strongest foes attempts to break,
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd the weak defence that I could make.
18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd, when I distress'd and friendless lay,
But still, when other succours fail'd, God was my firm support and stay.
19 From dangers that enclos'd me round he brought me forth and set me free;
From some just cause his goodness that mov'd him to delight in me.
(found,
20 Because in me no guilt remains, God does his gracious help extend:
My hands are free from bloody stains, therefore the Lord is still my friend.
21,22 For I his judgments kept in sight, in his just paths I always trod;
I never did his statutes slight, nor loosly wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
His favours therefore, yet endure, because my heart and hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righ- to various paths of human kind;
(teous ways,
They who for mercy merit praise, with thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
Thou to the just shall justice shew, the pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely chuse to go, shall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble soul will save, and crush the haughty's boasted might
In me the Lord an instance gave, whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm succour I rely'd, and did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side, the best defended walls to scale.
30 For God's design shall still succeed, his word will bear the utmost test:
He's a strong shield to all that need, and on his sure protection rest.
31 Who then deserves to be ador'd, but God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord, can with resistless pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour and all my just designs fulfils;
(on
Thro' him, my feet can swiftly run, and nimbly climb the steepest hills.
34 Lessons of war from him I take, and manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease I break, forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.
35 The buckler of his saving health, protects me from assaulting foes:
His hand sustains me still, my wealth and greatness from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad, till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod, the method of my steps design'd.
37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat, and flying squadrons captive take:
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat, till I a final conquest make.
38 Cover'd with wounds in vain they try their vanquish'd heads again to rear;
Spite of their boasted strength they lie, beneath my feet and grovel there.
39 God, when fresh armies take the field recruits my strength, my courage warms
He makes my strong opposers yield, subdu'd by my prevailing arms,
40 Thro' him the necks of prostrate foes, my conqu'ring feet in triumph press.
Aided by him I root out those who hate and envy my success.
41 With loud complaints all friends but none was able to defend;
(they try'd,
At length to God for help they cry'd, but God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue, their broken troops I scatter'd round:
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground

PART VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now, by God's appointment we obey:
The heathen to my sceptre bow, and foreign nations own my sway.
44 Remotest realms their homage send, when my successful name they hear:
Strangers for my commands attend, charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
45 All to my summons timely yield, or soon in battle are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the field, and still in stronger holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd, the rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd who me with his salvation bless'd.
47 'Tis God that still supports my right, his just revenge my foes pursues;
'Tis he that with resistless might, fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
48 My universal safeguard he! from whom my lasting honours flow:
He made me great and set me free, from my remorseless bloody foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his fame, my grateful voice to heaven I'll raise:
And nations, strangers to his name, shall thus be taught to sing his praise:
50 "God to his king deliv'rance sends, "shews his anointed signal grace;
"His mercy evermore extends "to David and his promis'd race."

PSALM XIX.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express their great Creator's skill.
2 The dawn of each returning day, fresh beams of knowledge brings,
From darkest night's successive rounds divine instruction springs.
3 Their pow'rful language to no realm or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense thro' earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun does round the world convey.
5 No bridegroom for his nuptials drest, has such a chearful face;
No giant does like him rejoice, to run his glorious race.
6 From east to west, from west to east, his restless course he goes;
And, thro' his progress, chearful light and vital warmth bestows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect law converts my soul, reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word the ignorant inspires.
8 The statutes of the Lord are just, and bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth, assist the feeblest sight.
9 His perfect worship here is fix'd, on sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales of truth and justice weigh'd.
10 Of more esteem than golden mines, or gold refin'd with skill.
More sweet than honey, or the drops that from the comb distill.
11 My trusty counsellors they are, and friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man observes how oft he does from virtue fall;
O cleanse me from my secret faults, thou God, that know'st them all.
13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord, dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may the great transgression flee.
14 So shall my pray'r and praises be with thy acceptance blest;
And I secure on thy defence, my strength and saviour, rest.

The design of this Psalm is to shew the extraordinary spiritual advantage which is to be reaped from the contemplation of the great works of God's creation; and particularly those excellent rules of morality.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress:
The name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms success.
2 To aid thee from on high repair, and strength from Zion give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there, thy sacrifice receive.
4 To compass thy own heart's desire thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire to bring them to effect.
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid we chearfully repair,
With banners in thy name display'd, "the Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our sov'reign will defend,
From heav'n resistless aid afford, and to his pray'r attend.
7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd, on chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God most high.
8 But from their steeds and chariots thrown, behold them thro' the plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down, whilst firm our troops remain.
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed, our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need, the pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise to heav'n his chearful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request, not only didst impart;
But hast with thy acceptance blest the wishes of his heart.
3 Thy goodness, and thy tender care, have all his hopes out-gone;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear, and sett'st it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord, didst his short span extend;
And graciously to him afford a life that ne'er shall end.
5 Thy sure defence thro' nations round, has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd with majesty and fame.
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st, and mak'st his joys increase;
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st the brightness of thy face.

PART II.

7 Because the king on God alone for timely aid relies;
His mercy still supports his throne, and all his wants supplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes, shall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those, that hate thy mild command.
9 When thou against them dost engage, thy just but dreadful doom.
Shall like a glowing oven's rage, their hopes and them consume.
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease, or with their ruin end;
But root out all their guilty race, and to their seed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were set on ill, their hearts on malice bent,
(But thou with watchful care didst still the ill effects prevent.)
12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try to 'scape thy dreadful might,
While thy swift darts shall faster fly, and gall them in their flight,
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength dis- and thus exalt thy fame,
(close,
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose, to thy almighty name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me when I with anguish faint?
O why so far from me remov'd, and from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard, to thee do I complain,
With cries implore relief all night, but cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Isr'el's praises are of right to thee address'd.
4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd, I
With pious confidence they pray'd, and thy deliv'rance found:
6 But I am treated like a worm, and with success were crown'd,
Not only by the great revil'd, like none of human birth;
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd but made the rabble's mirth.
They shoot the lip, they shake the head, my agonies survey;
8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft and thus deriding say,
"Let God come down to save him now, "that he was heav'n's delight,
"and own his favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb, a living offspring bear,
When but a suckling at the breast, I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian like, didst shield from my helpless infant days,
(wrongs
And since hast been my God and guide, thro' life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then so far from me, when trouble is so nigh:
O send me help, thy help on which I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd, from Basan's forest met;
With strength proportion'd to their rage, have me around beset.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth a yawning grave appears;
The desart lion's savage roar less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My blood like waters spill'd, my joints are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast, like wax before the flame.
15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd, my tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the silent shades of death, my fainting soul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds to surround me, they in pack'd assemblies meet.
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands, they pierc'd my harmless feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones distinctly may be told:
Yet such a spectacle of woe as pastime they behold.
18 As spoil, my garments they divide, lots for my vesture cast;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my and to my succour haste,
(strength,
20 From their sharp swords protect thou me, (of all but life bereft!)
Nor let thy darling in the pow'r of cruel dogs be left.
21 To save me from the lion's jaw; thy present succour send,
As once from goring unicorns thou didst my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare the triumphs of thy name;
In presence of assembled saints, thy glory thus proclaim:
23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God, "all you of Isr'el's line:
"O praise the Lord, and to your praise "sincere obedience join.
24 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress "to cast a gracious eye:
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face, "but hears its humble cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy sacred courts will I my chearful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform the vows of my distress.
26 The meek companions of my grief shall find my table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be with joys immortal fed.
27 Then shall the glad converted world to God their homage pay,
And scatter'd nations of the earth one sov'reign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his supreme prerogative o'er subject kings to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world, who does the world sustain.

29 The rich who are with plenty fed, his bounty must confess;
The sons of want by him reliev'd their gen'rous patron bless.
With humble worship to his throne, they all for aid resort:
That pow'r which first their beings gave, can only them support.
30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord, vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care my wants are all supply'd.
2 In tender grass he makes me feed, and gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where refreshing water flows.
3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim, and, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk in his most righteous ways.
4 I pass the gloomy vale of death, from fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff defend and comfort me.
5 In presence of my spiteful foes, he does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with chearful wine, with oil anoints my head.
6 Since God does thus his wond'rous love, thro' all my life extend;
That life to him I will devote, and in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's, the Lord's her fulness is:
The world and they that dwell therein by sov'reign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas, and his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made, the stable fabrick stand.
3 But for himself, this Lord of all; one chosen seat design'd:
O! who shall to that sacred hill deserv'd admittance find?
4 The man whose hands and heart are pure, whose thoughts from pride are free,
Who honest poverty prefers. to gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord shall show'r his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe, with righteousness to crown.
6 Such is the race of saints by whom the sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek the face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates, unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see, he comes with his celestial train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who? the Lord for strength renown'd:
In battle mighty, o'er his foes eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates unfold in state to entertain
The King of Glory: see, he comes with all his shining train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who? the Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King, who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame, nor let my foes rejoice!
3 Those who on thee rely, let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such as wilfully offend;
4, 5 To me thy truth impart, and lead me in thy way,
For thou art he that brings me help, on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord, recall to mind,
And graciously continue still as thou wert ever kind.
7 Let all my youthful crimes be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake, in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy and his truth, the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home, and teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead the humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts to his blest will incline.

PART II.

11 Since mercy is the grace that most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord, and so advance thy name.
12 Whoe'er with humble fear, to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide, in all his righteous ways.
13 His quiet soul with peace shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous race, the land successively possest.
14 For God to all his saints, his secret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write in their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my eyes, and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my griefs in mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes; and plung'd in deep distress.
17 The sorrows of my heart to mighty sums increase;
O from this dark and dismal state my troubled soul release!
18 Do thou with tender eyes, my sad affliction see:
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt entirely set me free.
19 Consider, Lord, my foes how vast their numbers grow!
What lawless force and rage they use, what boundless hate they show.
20 Protect and set my soul from their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be asham'd, who place my stedfast trust in thee.
21 Let all my righteous acts to full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope on thee alone relies.
22 To Isr'el's chosen race continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their wants let them thy succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the path of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust repose on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my heart, whose inno- will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view, (cence and made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took the idle or prophane,
No hypocrite, with all his arts, could e'er my friendship gain.
5 I hate the busy plotting crew, who make distracted times;
And shun their wicked company, as I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll wash my hands in innocence, and bring a heart so pure,
That when thy altar I approach, my welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell how thy renown excels:
That seat affords me much delight in which thy honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the sinners doom, who murder make their trade;
10 Who other's rights by secret bribes, or open force invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth, and innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore, and to me thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In spite of all assaulting foes I still maintain my ground:
And shall survive amongst thy saints, thy praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports, what can my soul affright?
2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear, when foes beset me round;
They stumbled, and their lofty crests were made to strike the ground.

3 Thro' him my heart, undaunted, dares with num'rous hosts to cope;
Thro' him in doubtful straits of war, for good success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his house to dwell I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous beauty there to view, and his blest will enquire.
5 For there may I with comfort rest. in times of deep distress;
And safe as on a rock abide. in that secure recess.
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes my lofty head shall raise,
And I my joyful off'ring bring, and sing glad songs of praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice, whene'er to thee I cry
In mercy all my pray'rs receive, nor my request deny.
8 When us to seek thy glorious face thou kindly dost advise,
'Thy glorious face I'll always seek,' my grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord, nor me in wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him thou didst so oft protect.
10 Tho' all my friends and nearest kin their helpless charge forsake
Yet thou, whose love excels them all, will care and pity take
11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord, my ways directly guide,
Lest envious men, who watch my steps, should see me tread aside.
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes, defeat their ill desire:
Whose lying lips and bloody hands against my peace conspire.
13 I trusted that my future life should with thy love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk with sorrow compass'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect, and he'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength; do thou thy part, and leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, in sighs consume my breath;
O answer, or I shall become like those that sleep in death.
2 Regard my supplication, Lord, the cries that I repeat:
With weeping eyes and lifted hands, before thy mercy seat.
3 Let me escape the sinners doom, who make a trade of ill;
And ever speak the person fair, whose blood they mean to spill.
4 According to their crimes' extent let justice have its course;
Relentless be to them, as they have sinn'd without remorse.
5 Since they the works of God despise, nor will his grace adore;
His wrath shall utterly destroy and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgment, his praises will resound;
From whom the cries of my distress, a gracious answer found.
7 My heart its confidence repos'd, in God my strength and shield;
In him I trusted, and return'd triumphant from the field.
As he has made my joys complete, 'tis just, that I should raise
The chearful tribute of my thanks, and thus resound his praise:
8 "His aiding pow'r supports the troops, "that my just cause maintain;
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne, "'tis he secures my reign."
Preserve thine chosen, and proceed thine heritage to bless;
With plenty prosper them in peace, in battle with success.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE princes that in might excel, your grateful sacrifice prepare:
God's glorious actions loudly tell, his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great name fresh altars raise, devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise, where he's with solemn state ador'd.
3 'Tis he that with amazing noise the wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks:
The ocean trembles at his voice, when he from heav'n in thunder speaks

4,5 How full of pow'r his voice appears! with what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars and strews their scatter'd branches round!
(tears,
6 They, and the hills on which they are sometimes hurried far away:
(grow,
And leap, like hinds that bounding go, or unicorns in youthful play.
7,8 When God in thunder loudly speaks, and scatter'd flames of lightning sends
The forest nods, the desart quakes, and stubborn Kadish lowly bends.
9 He makes the hinds to cast their young and lays the beasts dark coverts bare:
While those that to his courts belong securely sing his praises there
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on his boundless sway shall never cease:
(high,
His people he'll with strength supply, and bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord, who didst thy pow'r employ,
To raise my drooping head, and check my foes insulting joy.
2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee, who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws my hopeless life retrieve.
4 Thus to his courts ye saints of his, with songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth, and providential care
5 His wrath was but a moment's reign, his favour no decay:
Your night of grief is recompens'd with joy's returning day.
6 But I in prosp'rous days presum'd, no sudden change I fear'd,
Whilst in my sun-shine of success no low'ring cloud appear'd.
7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord, my empire's only trust:
For when thou hid'st thy face, I saw my honour laid in dust.
8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd, my error I confess'd;
And thus with supplicating voice thy mercy's throne address'd:
9 "What profit is there in my blood, "congeal'd in death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise, "thy wond'rous truth recite?
10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear, "thy wonted aid extend,
"Do thou send help, on whom alone "I can for help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene to songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me in robes of state. who late in sackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing thy praise in grateful verse.
And, as thy favours endless are, thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame, for still I trust in thee,
As just and righteous is thy name, from danger set me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious ear, and speedy succour send,
Do thou my stedfast rock appear, to shelter and defend.
3 Since thou, when foes oppress, my rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress thy wonted help impart.
4 Release me from the snare, which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God, my strength, repair to thee alone for aid.
5 To thee, the God of truth, my life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth) I willingly resign.
6 All vain designs I hate, of those that trust in lies,
And still my soul in ev'ry state, to God for succour flies.

PART II.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown, I'll chearfully express,
For thou hast seen my straits, and known my soul in deep distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race did all my strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space to shun my watchful foes.

9 Thy mercy, Lord, display, and hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay, with grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress, my years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease, and e'en consum'd my bones.
11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd, my neighbours did upbraid;
My friends at sight of me were shock'd, and fled as men dismay'd.
12 Forsook by all am I, as dead and out of mind;
And like a shatter'd vessel lie. whose parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet sland'rous words they speak, and seem my pow'r to dread,
Whilst they together council take, my guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my stedfast trust, I on thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just, my soul with comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er events betide, thy wisdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide from those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face to me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase, preserve me from my foes.
17 Me from dishonour save, who still have call'd on thee:
Let that, and silence in the grave, the sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain, whose breath in lies are spent:
Whose false reports with proud disdain, against the righteous vent.
19 How great thy mercies are to such as fear thy name!
Which thou, for those that trust thy care, dost to the world proclaim.
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight, from proud oppressors free:
From tongues that do in strife delight, they are preserv'd by thee.
21 With glory and renown God's name be ever bless'd:
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town was wond'rously express'd!
22 I said in hasty flight, 'I'm banish'd from thine eyes!'
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight, and heard'st my earnest cries.
23 O all ye saints, the Lord, with eager love pursue,
Who to the just will help afford, and give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely, courageously proceed:
For he will still your hearts supply with strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd, no more in judgment to appear;
2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd, and whose repentance is sincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore, my bones consum'd without relief:
All day did I with anguish roar, but no complaint asswag'd my grief.
4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd, by day and night alike distress'd;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd, like land with summer's draught opprest
5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd, the guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd, and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
6 True penitents shall thus succeed, who seek thee while thou may'st be found;
And from the common deluge freed, shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress, my tow'r of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress, and me with songs of triumph crown.
8 In my instruction then confide, you that would truth's safe paths descry,
Your progress I'll securely guide, and keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule, like men that reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd, the harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide, blessings of mercy shall surround.

11 His saints that have perform'd his (laws, their life in triumphs shall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cause) in grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the just to God with joy, their chearful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes to sing glad songs of praise.
2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes in joyful concert meet,
And new made songs of loud applause the harmony compleat.
4, 5 For faithful is the word of God, his works with truth abound,
He justice loves, and all the earth is with his goodness crown'd.
6 By his almighty word at first, heav'ns glorious arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light, at his command appear'd.
7 The swelling floods together roll'd, he makes in heaps to lie,
And lays, as in a store-house safe, the wat'ry treasures by.
8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein before him trembling stand,
For when he spake the word, 'twas made, 'twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen closely plot, their counsel undermines,
His wisdom ineffectual makes the people's rash designs.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees, shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart to ages shall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they to whom the Lord for God is known;
Whom he from all the world besides has chosen for his own.
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth from heav'n his throne survey'd,
He saw their works and view'd their [thoughts, by him their hearts were made.
16, 17, No king is safe by num'rous hosts, their strength the strong deceives
No manag'd horse by force or speed his warlike rider saves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him, beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their souls from death, their want in time of dearth supplies;
20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, because we trust in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish, on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast, till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take, and charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his name:
4 When in distress to him I call'd, he to my rescue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd who look'd to him for aid,
Desir'd success in ev'ry face, a chearful air display'd.
6 " Behold (say they) behold the man " whom Providence reliev'd:
" So dang'rously with foes beset, " so wond'rously retriev'd!
7 The hosts of God encamp around the dwellings af the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all, who on his succour trust.
8 O make but trial of his love, experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight, he'll make your wants his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey, the Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him, and see their needs supply'd.

PSALM XXXV.

PART II.

11 Aproach, ye piously dispos'd, and my instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true discipline of his religious fear.
12 Let him, who length of life desires, and prosp'rous days would see,
13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue, his lips from falsehood free.
14 The crooked paths of vice decline, and virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun, and where 'tis lost renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just with favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear is open to their cries;
16 But turns his wrathful look on those whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives, when his relief they crave,
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, and contrite spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain, against the just conspire;
20 For under their affliction's weight, he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest, shall them and theirs survive;
22 For God preserves the souls of those who on his truth depend;
To them and their posterity his blessings shall descend.*

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all those that strive with me, O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield upon thy warlike arm:
Stand up, my God, in my defence, and keep me safe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course, that haste my blood to spill;
Say to my soul, "I am thy health "and will preserve thee still."
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er who my destruction sought;
And such as did my harm devise, be to confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff before the driving wind;
God's vengeful minister of wrath shall follow close behind.
6 And when thro' dark and slipp'ry ways, they strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath shall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any wrong they hid their treach'rous snare;
And for my harmless soul, a pit did without cause prepare;
8 Surpris'd by mishiefs unforeseen by their own hearts betray'd
Their feet shall fall into the net which they for me had laid.
9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name for this deliv'rance bless;
And by his saving health secur'd, its grateful joy express.
10 My very bones shall say O Lord, who can compare with thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helples man from strong oppressors free?

PART II.

11 False witnesses with forg'd complaints, against my truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid, as I had ne'er design'd.
12 The good to them which I had done. with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd, my harmless life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were sick, I still in sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r to my own breast return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been, I could have done no more;
Now with more decent signs of grief, a mother's loss deplore.

* A psalm of David, when he changed his behaviour before Abimelech. This Abimelech was Achish, king of Gath, whose kings were called Abimelech, as the emperors of Rome were called Cesar, the kings of Egypt, Ptolemy.

15 How different did their carriage prove in time of my distress?
When they in crowds together met, did savage joy express.
The rabble too in num'rous throngs, by their example came;
And ceas'd not with reviling words to wound my spotless fame.
16 Scoffers that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and sland'rous jests maliciously devise.
17 But Lord, how long wilt thou look on? on my behalf appear;
And save my guiltless soul, which they like rav'ning beasts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the list'ning world shall grateful thanks express;
And where the great assembly meets, thy name with praises bless.
19 Lord, suffer not me causeless foes, who me unjustly hate;
With open joy, or secret signs, to mock my sad estate.
20 For they with hearts averse from peace, industriously devise.
Against the men of quiet minds, to forge malicious lies.
21 Nor with these private arts content, aloud they vent their spite,
And say, "At last we found him out, "he did it in our sight."
22 But thou, who dost both them and me with righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyself in my behalf, to judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God, to thy decision take.
24 Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain the triumph they design'd
25 O let them not amongst themselves, in boasting language say,
"At length our wishes are compleat, "at last he's made our prey."
26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd, for shame their faces hide;
And foul dishonour wait on those that proudly me defy'd;
27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout, who my just cause befriend;
And bless the Lord, who loves to make success his saints attend
28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing, inspir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns in praise of thee. shall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art his wicked purpose would disguise.
But reason whispers to my heart, no fear of God before his eyes.
2 He sooths himself retir'd from sight, secure, he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots expos'd to light, their false contriver brand with shame;
3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd, whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair
True wisdom's banish'd from his [breast, and vice has sole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice spends the night in forging his accurst designs;
His obstinate ungen'rous spite. no execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope the highest orb of heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope beyond the spreading skies extends.
6 Thy justice like the hills remains, unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains, the whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodness all partake, with what assurance should the just,
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make and saints to thy protection trust?
8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led, to banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that shall for ever last,
9 With thee the springs of life remain, thy presence is eternal day;
10 O let thy saints thy favour gain, to upright hearts thy truth display.
11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would and wicked hands my life surprize;
(spurn, (to rise.
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return, down, down, they're fall'n no more

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked men grow rich or (great,
Yet let not their successful state,
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
2 For they, cut down like tender gras
Or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shall stay,
Secure from danger and from want.
4 Make his commands thy chief delight
And he thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design:
6 He'll make like light, serene and
Thy clouded innocence appear, [clear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise.
Tho' wicked men with wealth abound
And with success the plots are crown'd
Which they maliciously devise.
8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake
Let no ungovern'd passions make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime
9 For God shall sinful men destroy,
Whilst only they the land enjoy
Who trust on him and wait his time.
10 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found:
11 Whilst humble souls possess the
Rejoicing still with godly mirth, (earth
With peace and plenty always crown'd

PART II.

12 While sinful crowds with false design
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth and threat'ning
(stand.
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride;
He sees their ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the sword and bend the
(bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay;
15 But their strong bows shall soon
(be broke,
Their sharpen'd weapons mortal stroke
Thro' their own hearts shall force its
(way,
16 A little with God's favour blest
That's by one righteous man possest,
The wealth of many bad excels,
17 For God supports the just man's cause
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.
18 His constant care the upright guides
And o'er all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
19 They when distress o'erwhelms the
(earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth,
The happy fruits of plenty taste.
20 Not so the wicked men, and those
Who proudly dare God's will oppose,
Destruction is their hapless share;
Like fat of lambs their hopes and they
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

PART III.

21 While sinners brought to sad decay,
Still borrow on and never pay,
The just have will and pow'r to give
22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command:
24 Tho' he sometimes may be distrest,
Yet he shall ne'er be quite opprest,
For God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my first youth till age prevail'd
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race,
26 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth
(increase.
27 With caution shun each wicked deed
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does
(still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the
(land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd
His tongue by rules of judgment moves
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain the righteous to surprise,
In vain his ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceless leave
To his revenge expos'd, but save,
And when he's sentenc'd set him free.
34 Wait still on God, and keep his (command.
And thou exalted in the land,
Thy blest possession ne'er shall quit:
The wicked soon shall detroy'd be,
And at his dismal tragedy
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen
And like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spread its pleasant branches (round:
36 But he was gone as swift as thought,
And tho' in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.
39 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safe-guard is the Lord,
Their strength in time of need is he.
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.*

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord restrain — though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm — of thy displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me — thy arrrows deep remain,
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight — I can no more sustain.
3 My flesh is one continued wound, — thy wrath so fiercely glows;
Betwixt my punishment and guilt — my bones have no repose.
4 My sins which to a deluge swell. — my sinking head o'erflow;
And for my feeble strength to bear, — too vast a burden grow.
5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, — my folly's just return;
6 With trouble I am wrap'd and bow'd — end all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins, — infecting ev'ry part;
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar, — through anguish of my heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thysearching eyes — all my desires appear:
And sure my groans have been too loud — not to have reach'd thine ear,
10 My heart's opprest, my strength decay'd, — my eyes depriv'd of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze aloof — on such a dismal sight.
12 Mean while the foes that seek my life, — their snares to take my feet:
Vent slanders, and contrive all day — to forge some new deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, — nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose — with conscious guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, [tongue — my innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God, — my injur'd cause will hear.
16 "Hear me, said I, let my proud foes — "a spiteful joy display;
"Insulting if they see my foot — "but once to go astray."
17 And with continual grief opprest, — to sink I now begin;
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess, — to thee bewail my sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes — their strength and vigour boast;
And they who hate me without cause, — are grown a dreadful host.
20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return — my kindness with depite;
And are my enemies, because — I choose the path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God, — nor far from me depart:
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou, — who my salvation art.

* In this psalm David calls to mind his grievous sin in the matter of Uriah. Its Hebrew title is, A psalm to bring to remembrance,

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty words, when I the prosp'rous wicked saw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood, and did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint increas'd my inward pain.
3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts did hot and restless make;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire, 'till thus at length I spake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days, how soon my life will end;
The wond'rous train of ills disclose which this frail state attend.
5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span, a cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate, but vanity appears.
6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks, with fruitless cares oppress'd:
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell by whom 'twill be possess'd.
7 Why should I then on worthless toys with anxious care attend?
On thee alone my stedfast hope shall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my sins; nor let me scorn'd by foolish sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not, because 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath in mercy soon remove;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear the heavy load should prove
11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin, Thou mak'st his beauty fade
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth by fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears, and listen to my pray'r,
Who sojourn like a stranger here, as all my fathers were.
13 O! spare me yet a little time; my wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence, and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord, till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply:
Who did his gracious ear afford, and heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the dismal pit, when founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet, and suffer'd not my steps to stray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought, shall fill my mouth with songs of praise
And others, to his worship brought, to hopes of his deliv'rance raise.
4 For blessings shall that man reward, who on th' almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard, and hates the hypocrite's disguise.
5 Who can the wond'rous works re- which thou O God for us hast wrought
(count,
The treasures of thy love surmount the pow'r of numbers, speech, and
(thought.
6 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd for man's transgression to atone.
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil the oracles thy books impart;
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will; thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

9 In full assemblies I have told thy truth and righteousness at large.
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips with- from uttering what thou gav'st in charge
(hold
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd thy faithfulness and saving grace,
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd, that all might that and truth embrace,
11 Then let those mercies I declar'd to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward, thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distress'd, too vast and numberless to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd, that plunge and sink me to despair.

As soon, alas! I may recount the hairs on this afflicted head;
My vanquish'd courage they surmount and fill my drooping heart with dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need!
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.
14 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combines;
Let them defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile design.
15 Their doom let desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made.
16 While those who humbly seek thy face, to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace, with me resound, the Lord be prais'd.
17 Thus, wretched tho' I am and poor, of me th' Almighty Lord takes care;
Thou God, who only canst restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the man whose tender care relieves the poor distrest:
When he's by troubles compass'd round, the Lord shall give him rest.
2 The Lord his life with blessings crown'd, in safety shall prolong;
And dissappoint the will of those, that seek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languishing estate, oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed, and inward strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my pray'r address'd
"Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul, "tho' I have much transgress'd,"
5 My cruel foes, with sland'rous words, attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die (say they) and men "forget his very name?"
6 Suppose they formal visits make, 'tis all but empty show;
They gather mischief in their hearts, and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private whispers, such as these, to hurt me they devise:
"A sore disease afflicts him now; "he's fall'n no more to rise."
9 My own familiar bosom friend, on whom I most rely'd.
Has me whose daily guest he was, with open scorn defy'd.
10 But thou, my sad and wretched state, in mercy Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their crimes may meet their just reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious ear is open when I call;
Because thou suff'rest not my foes to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care secures my life from danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God from age to age be blest;
And all the people's glad applause with loud amen's exprest.

PSALM XLII.*

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams, when heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, and thy refreshing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face, thou Majesty divine!
3 Tears are my constant food, while thus insulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God? "and where his promis'd aid?"
4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts those happy days present,
When I with troops of pious friends thy temple did frequent.

* The forty-second psalm was probably composed by David during the rebellion of Absalom. The author laments being driven from the house of God, and the loss of the sweet enjoyment he had there.

PSALM XLIII, XLIV.

When I advanc'd with songs of praise, my solemn vows to pay:
And led the joyful sacred throng, that kept the festal day.
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My soul's cast down, O God! but thinks on thee, and Sion still:
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's [heights, and Missar's humbler hill,
7 One trouble calls another on; and bursting o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul a roaring sea is spread.
8 But when thy presence, Lord of life, has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing, and all my vows perform.
9 God of my strength, how long shall I like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd to my oppressors' scorn.
10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword, whilst thus my foes upbraid,
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God? "and where his promis'd aid?"
11 Why restless, why cast down my soul? hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God, thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of heav'n, against my (foes do thou assert my injur'd right:
O! set me free, my God from those that in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art still my only stay why leavest thou me in deep distress?
Why go I mourning all the day. whilst me insulting foes oppress?
3 Let me with light and truth be blest; be these my guides, and lead the way,
'Till on thy holy hill I rest, and in thy sacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh altars raise to God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps with songs of (praise, shall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then cast down, my soul? and why so much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely; who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd and elder time than theirs.
2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive the heathen from this land,
Dispeopled by repeated strokes of thy avenging hand.
3 For not their courage, nor their sword, to them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force their fainting troops could save;
But thy right-hand, and pow'rful arm, whose succour they implor'd;
Thy presence with the chosen race, who thy great name ador'd,
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd, thou art our sovereign King:
O! therefore, as thou didst to them, to us deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious name, our arms the proudest foes shall quell;
And crush them with repeated strokes as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword, when I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who hast my foes subdu'd, and sham'd their spiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we ascribe, from whence the conquest came:
In God we will rejoice all day, and ever bless his name.

PART II.

9 But thou hast cast us off; and now most shamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead our armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe, we turn our backs in fight;
And with our spoil their malice feast, who bear us ancient spite.

11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep, into their butch'ring hands!
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive, dispers'd thro' heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves; and set their price so low,
That not thy treasure by the sale, but their disgrace may grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nation's round, the heathen's by-word grown;
Whose scorn of us is both in speech, and mocking gestures shown.
15 Confusion strikes me blind; my face in conscious shame I hide;
16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd by their licentious pride.

PART III.

17 On us this heap of woe is fall'n; all this we have endur'd:
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name, or faith to thee abjur'd;
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept our hearts and steps with care;
19 Tho' thou hast broken all our strength, and we almost despair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great name, on other Gods rely,
21 And not the searcher of all hearts, the treach'rous crime descry?
22 Thou seest what sufferings for thy sake, we ev'ry day sustain;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep appointed to be slain.
23 Awake arise; let seeming sleep no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee, for ever sue in vain.
24 O! wherefore hidest thou thy face from our afflicted state?
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth, with grief's oppressive weight.
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste to our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord; if not for ours, yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse, indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him that writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King! thy mouth with grace o'erflows,
Because fresh blessings God on thee eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince; and clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r, majestic pomp dispaly.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect the meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge, does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them, that dare thy pow'r oppose!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart, the feather'd arrow goes.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd for ever to endure;
Thy septre's sway shall always last, by righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led, did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths, where wand'ring sinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee, the oil of gladness shed;
And has above thy fellows round advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh, thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought, spread grateful odours round.
9 Among the honourable train did princely virgins wait:
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand in golden robes of state.

PART II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear, and to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now, and ev'ry former friend.
11 So shall thy beauty charm the King, nor shall his love decay,
For he is now become thy Lord, to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons rich and proud, shall humble presents make;
And all the wealthy nations sue, thy favour to partake,

13 The King's fair daughter's beauteous soul
all inward graces fill:
Her raiment is of purest gold,
adorn'd with costly skill.
14 She, in nuptial garments dress'd.
with needless riches wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
shall to the King be brought.
15 With all the state of solemn joy
the triumph moves along;
'Till with wide gates, the royal court
receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal father's room,
must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send,
to govern and protect.
17 Whilst this my song to future time
transmits thy glorious name;
And makes the world, with one consent,
thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress;
A present help when dangers press
in him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2,3 Tho' earth were from her centre tost
And mountains in the ocean lost,
torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
the royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs,
Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs
while his almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd
And kingdom's war against us wag'd,
he thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs.
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
our fathers guardian God and ours.
8 Come, see the wonders he has wrought
On earth what desolation brought;
9 How he has charm'd the jarring world:
He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's almighty sway;
For him the heathen shall obey,
and earth her sovereign Lord confess.
11 The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
as to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye people clap your hands, and with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands,
of God, the universal King.
3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell, and with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell the pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King with shouts of joy, and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing, and let the chearful song go round,
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown for him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne, and spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes that far from hence, t'adore the God of Ab'ram came,
Found him their constant sure defence, how great and glorious is his name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion, on whose happy mount his sacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth, with beauteous prospect rise;
On her north side th' Almighty King's imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known: his presence is her guard;
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege, and of success despair'd.
5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled, with grief and terror struck:
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs of travel had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish wealthy coasts by eastern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd a work that was foretold,
In pledge that God for times to come, his city will uphold.

9 Not in our fortresses and walls did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hope, in which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy sov'reign name, thy praise thro' earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides, chastises, or defends.
11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound; her daughters all be taught,
In songs his judgments to extol, who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp; your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there you find one stone displac'd;
13 Her forts and palaces survey; observe their order well;
That with assurance to your heirs, this wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now, 'till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.*

1,2 LET all the list'ning world attend, and my instructions hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor with one consent give ear;
3 My mouth with sacred wisdom fill'd, shall good advice impart;
The sound result of prudent thoughts, digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty sense I will my ear incline;
While to my tuneful harp I sing dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail, in times of danger, and of doubt;
When sinners, that would me supplant, have compass'd me about?
6 Those men that all their hope and trust in heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph when they see their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave their dearest friend to free;
Nor can, by force of costly bribes, reverse God's firm decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit; the price is held too high;
No sums can purchase such a grant, that man should never die.
10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt, nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and, in death, their wealth to othe s leave.
11 For tho' they think their stately seats shall ne'er to ruin fall;
But their remembrance last in lands, which by their names they call;
12 Yet shall their names be soon forgot, how great soe'er their state;
With beasts their memory and they shall share one common fate.

PART II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus absurd conclusions make!
And yet their children, unreclaim'd, repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led, the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice, within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul; and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free, and to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envy'd wealth abound;
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase, with state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're summon'd hence by death, they leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp within the grave they find.
18 And yet they thought their state was blest caught in the flatt'rer's snare,
Who praises those that slight all else, and of themselves take care
19 In their forefathers steps they tread, and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they in endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great so'er his state, unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives, so, like a beast, he dies.

* There is no author mentioned to this psalm, or the occasion of its composure; it contains excellent remarks concerning the different state of men.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord has spoke: the mighty (God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
from dawning light till day declines:
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
where beauty in perfection shines.
3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no (more,
Misconstru'd silence, as before;
but wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
While he does heav'n and earth engage
his just tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree)
that in my lasting cov'nant live;
And off'rings bring with constant care,
(The heav'ns his justice shall declare,
for God himself shall sentence give.)
7 Attend, my people: Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
thy God, thy only God, am I:
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
my sacred altar did supply.
9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
nor he-goat from thy fold accept;
10 The forest beasts that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
that on a thousand hills are kept.
11 I know the fowls that build their nest
In craggy rocks, and savage beasts
that loosely haunt the open fields;
12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
since the world's mine, and all it (yields.
13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
to eat their flesh and drink their blood?
14 The sacrifices I require;
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
and vows with strictest care made (good.
15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free;
and thou returns of praise shall make,
16 But to the wicked, thus saith God:
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,
and of my word didst lightly speak;
18 When thou a subtile thief didst see,
Thou gladly with him didst agree,
and with adult'rers didst partake.
19 Vile slander is thy chief delight,
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
deceitful tales does hourly spread;
20 Thou dost with hateful scandal (wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
the offspring of thy mother's bed.
21 These things didst thou, whom still (I strove
To gain with silence and with love,
'till thou didst wickedly surmise,
That I was such an one as thou;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
and set thy sins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
while none shall dare your cause to own
23 Who praises me, due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives,
my strong salvation shall be shown,

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me, as thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Wash off my foul offence, and cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see how great my guilt has been.
4 Against thee, Lord, alone, and only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd must own thy judgments right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born the heir of sin and shame.
6 Yet thou whose searching eye does inward truth require,
In secret didst, with wisdom's laws, my tender soul inspire.
7 With hyssop purge me, Lord, and so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie, when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy thy kind forgiving voice;
That so my bones which thou hast broke, may with fresh strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying sins, nor me in anger view;
Create me a heart that's clean, an upright mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help, nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take its everlasting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives let me again obtain;
And let thy spirit's firm support my fainting soul sustain.
13 So I thy righteous ways to sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men to thy just laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove, my Saviour and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips, with sorrow clos'd and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise to all the world proclaim.
16 Could sacrifice atone, whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st to cast a gracious eye.
17 A broken spirit is by God most highly priz'd;
By him, a broken contrite heart shall never be despis'd.
18 Let Sion, Lord, thy favour find, of thy good-will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long, by lofty walls secur'd
19 The just shall then attend, and pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind. upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O lawless man of might! thou boast'st thyself in ill;
Since God, the God in whom I trust, vouchsafes his favour still.
2 Thy wicked tongue does sland'rous tales maliciously devise,
And sharper than a razor set, it wounds with treach'rous lies.
3,4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good, on lies than truth employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which the guiltless are destroy'd.
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes, and snatch thee soon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit, nor in the world to stay.
6 The just, with pious fear, shall see the downfal of thy pride;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh, and thus thy fall deride;
7 "See there the man that haughty was, "who proudly God defy'd;
"Who trusted in his wealth and still "on wicked arts rely'd."
8 But I am like those olive plants that shade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace to be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God, extol thy wond'rous love;
And on thy name with patience wait; for this thy saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked fools must sure suppose, that God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows, since virtue all disclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns high tow'r, the sons of men to view,
To see if any own'd his pow'r, or truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were backward gone, degen'rate grown, and base;
None for religion car'd, not one of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat, and God's just pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow and they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; His hand shall throw, their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy shall echo thro' the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious name and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r and to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God, against my soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends, and he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes, their falsehood's just reward.
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring, and sacrifice with joy;
And in his praise my time to come delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress the Lord hath set me free:
Thro' him, shall I of all my foes the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth, and listen when I pray:
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my sad complaint, and hear my grievous moans;
Whilst I my mournful case declare with artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark, how the foe insults aloud! how fierce oppressors rage;
Whose sland'rous tongues with wrathful (hate against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul with deadly fright's distress'd;
With fear and trembling compass'd round with horror quite oppress'd.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I the dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight, and seek a safe retreat.
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence, and in wild desarts stray,
'Till all this furious storm were spent, this tempest past away.

PART II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs, their counsels soon divide;
For thro' the city, my griev'd eyes have strife and rapine spy'd.
10 By day and night, on ev'ry wall they walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength, are grief and mischief found.
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam, with fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant post maintain in ev'ry street.
12 For 'twas not any open foe, that false reflections made:
For then I could with ease have borne the better things he said.
'Twas none who hatred had profess'd, that did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself from his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas even thou, my guide, my whom tend'rest love did join:
(friend,
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most, whose pray'rs were mix'd with
15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes, such traitors must surprize [mine
And sudden death requite those ills they wickedly devise.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still shall in my aid appear:
At morn, and noon, and night I'll pray, and he my voice shall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my soul from those that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous host of friends my righteous cause defend.
19 For he, who was my help of old, shall now his suppliant hear;
And punish them, whose prosp'rous state makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend, and break the strongest ties?
21 Tho' soft and melting are their words, their hearts with war abound:
Their speeches are more smooth than oil, and yet like swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend, and he shall thee sustain:
He aids the just, whom to supplant the wicked strive in vain.
23 My foes that trade in lies and blood, shall all untimely die;
Whilst I for health and length of days, on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO thou, O God, in mercy help, for man my life pursues;
To crush me with repeated wrongs, he daily strife renews.
2 Continually my spiteful foes to ruin me combine;
Thou see'st, who sitt'st enthron'd on high, what mighty numbers join.
3 But, tho' sometimes surpriz'd by fear, (on danger's first alarm);
Yet still for succour I depend on thy almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promise I shall praise, on which I now rely:
In God I trust, and trusting him, the arm of flesh defy.
5 They wrest my words, and make them a sense they never meant:
(speak
Their thoughts are all, with restless spite, on my destruction bent.
6 In close assemblies they combine, and wicked projects lay:
They watch my steps, and lie in wait to make my soul their prey.
7 Shall such injustice still escape? O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just wrath (too long provok'd) this impious race chastise.
8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps, since first compell'd to flee:
My very tears are treasur'd up, and register'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid, my foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assur'd that God my righteous cause will own.
10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise the force that man can raise:
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due; to thee I'll render praise.
13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death; and thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd, and make my footsteps sure.
That thus protected by thy pow'r, I may this light enjoy;
And in the service of my God my lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend; on thy protection I depend:
And to thy wings for shelter haste 'till this outrageous storm is past.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly, thou sov'reign Judge, and God most
(high,
Who wonders hast for me begun, and wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thy arm and shame all those who seek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy send, and truth on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with savage men converse, like hungry lions wild and fierce;
With men whose teeth are spears, their invenom'd darts, and two-edg'd
(words (swords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd; till thou art here, as there obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd, and had almost my soul ensnar'd;
But fell themselves, by just decree, into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise to thee, my God, in songs of praise.
8 Awake, my glory; harp, and lute, no longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take, will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound to all the list'ning nations round:
10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd; 'till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be;
Or must not innocence appeal to heav'n, from your decree?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice sway'd;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes, to violence betray'd.
3 To virtue strangers from the womb, their infant steps went wrong:
They prattled slander, and in lies employ'd their lisping tongue.
4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed does ranker poison bear;
The drowsy adder will as soon unlock his sullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf as adders they remain;
From whom the skilful charmer's voice can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage, and timely break their pow'r;
Disarm those growling lions jaws ere practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their insolence at height, like ebbing tides be spent;
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim, when they their bow have bent.
8 Like snails, let them dissolve to slime; like hasty births become,
Unworthy to behold the sun, and dead within the womb.
9 Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil, tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive, to their eternal doom.
10 The righteous shall rejoice to see their crimes such vengeance meet
And saints in persecutors blood shall dip their harmless feet.
11 Transgressors then with grief shall see just men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose justice will the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord, my God, from all my spiteful foes;
In my defence oppose thy pow'r to theirs who me oppose.
2 Preserve me from a wicked race, who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men, who seek my blood to spill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs against my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st, for no offence of mine.
4 In haste they run about, and watch my guiltless life to take;
Look down, O Lord, on my distress, and to my help awake.
5 Lord God of Hosts, and Israel's God, their heathen rage suppress;
Relentless vengeance take on those who stubbornly transgress.
6 At ev'ning to beset my house like growling dogs they meet;
While others thro' the city range, and ransack ev'ry street.
7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe; their tongues are sharpen'd swords
"Who hears (say they) or hearing dares "reprove our lawless words?"
8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord, their baffled plots deride;
And soon to scorn and shame expose their boasted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength for succour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence, who only canst defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft from danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue my haughty foes to me.
11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once: restrain thy vengeful blow:
Lest we, ungratefully, too soon forget their overthrow.
Disperse them thro' the nations round, by thy avenging pow'r;
Do thou bring down their haughty pride, O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
12 Now, in the height of all their hopes, their arrogance chastise:
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint, and curses join'd with lies.
13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures, thine anger, Lord suppress;
That distant lands, by their just doom, may Israel's God confess.

14 At ev'ning let them still persist, like growling dogs to meet
Still wander all the city round. and traverse ev'ry street.
15 Then, as for malice now they do, for hunger let them stray:
And yell their vain complaints aloud, defeated of their prey.
16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing, thy wond'rous pow'r confess;
For thou hast been my sure defence, my refuge in distress.
17 To thee, with never-ceasing praise, O God, my strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my God, the rock from whence my health and safety spring.

PSALM LX.

1 O God, who hast our troops dispers'd forsaking those who left thee first;
As we thy just displeasure mourn, to us, in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand, is rent by thy avenging hand:
O! heal the breaches thou hast made: we shake, we fall, without thy aid!
3 Our folly's sad effects we fell; for, drunk with discord's cup, we reel,
4 But now, for them who thee rever'd, thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect: Lord hear the pray'rs that we direct.
6 The holy God has spoke; and I, o'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.
To thee in portions I'll divide fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride:
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join, and measure out her vale by line.
7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe to my commands, with Ephraim's tribe
Ephraim by arms supports my cause and Judah by religious laws.
8 Moab my slave and drudge shall be, nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Palestine's imperious state shall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who shall quell those mighty pow'rs, and clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or thro' her guarded frontiers tread the path that doth to conquest lead?
10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd our troops (for we forsook thee first)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake, aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain; for human succours are but vain.
12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows; 'tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r, which I, oppress'd with grief,
2 From earth's remotest parts address to thee for kind relief.
O! lodge me safe, beyond the reach of persecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes hast been my shelt'ring tow'r,
4 So shall I in thy sacred courts secure from danger lie:
Beneath the covert of thy wings, all future storms defy.
5 In sign my vows are heard, once more I o'er thy chosen reign!
6 O! bless with long and prosp'rous life the king thou didst ordain;
7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign accepted in thy sight;
And let thy truth and mercy both in his defence unite.
8 So shall I ever sing thy praise, thy name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay the vows of my distress.

PSALM LXII.

1 2 MY soul for help on God relies; from him alone my safety flows;
My rock, my health, that strength supplies, to bear the shock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall, which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a broken wall, or fence of uncemented stone.

4 To make my envy'd honours less they strive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouth they bless, in private curse with inward spite.
5, 6 But thou my soul, on God rely; on him alone thy trust repose:
My rock and health with strength supply, to bear the shock of all my foes.
7 God does his saving health dispense, and flowing blessings daily send:
He is my fortress and defence, on him my soul shall still depend.
8 In him, ye people, always trust; before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just, his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail; the great dissemble and betray;
And, laid in truth's impartial scale, the lighest things will both outweigh.
10 Then trust not in oppressive ways; by spoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase, be set too much upon your gain,
11 For God has oft his will express'd, and I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd, belongs of right to God alone.
12 Though mercy is his darling grace, in which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet he will all the human race, according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to thee;
My mourning pray'rs shall offer'd be
for thee my thirsty soul does pant; (be
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
where I refreshing waters want.
2 O! to my longing eyes one more,
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
which thy majestic house displays:
3 Because to me thy wond'rous love,
Than life itself does dearer prove,
my lips shall always speak thy praise,
4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God, I will employ!
with lifted hands adore his name;
5 My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
while I with joy his praise proclaim.
6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
and when I wake in dead of night:
7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.
8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r
in her support is daily shown: [
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay
That my destruction wish; and they
that seek my life, shall lose their own,
10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
but God shall fill the king with joy;
Who thee confess, shall still rejoice;
Whilst the false tongue and lying voice,
thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, to my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes, and free my soul from fear.
2 O! hide me with thy tend'rest care, in some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise, and all their plots defeat.
3 See how, intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like (swords;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts, sharp lies and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private, at the just they take their sacred aim;
And suddenly at him they shoot, quite void of fear and shame.
5 To carry on their ill designs they mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares, and think that none shall see.
6 With utmost diligence and care their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts are only to betray.
7 But God to anger justly mov'd, his dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrows point shall swift destruction send.
8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent, upon themselves shall fall:
Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be despis'd and shun'd by all.

9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess; and nations trembling stand;
Convin'd that's tis the mighty work of his avenging hand.
10 Whilst righteous men, by God secur'd, in him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant (praise in Sion waits thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise, and all our zealous vows compleat.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r did'st always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair, and at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain to stop thy flowing merey try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty (stain, and washest out the crimson dye.
4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd, within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste the vast delights thy temple gives.
5 By wond'rous acts, O God, most just have we thy gracious answer found
In thee remotest nations trust, and those whom stormy waves surround
6, 7 God by his strength sets fast the (hills, and does his matchless pow'r engage,
With which the seas loud waves he (stills, and angry crowds tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, does barb'rous lands (dismay, when they thy dreadful tokens view;
With joy they see the night and day, each other's track by turns pursue.
9 From out thy unexhausted store, thy rain relieves the thirsty ground.
Makes lands that barren were before, with corn and useful fruits abound,
10 In rising ridges down it pours, and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle (show'rs, in whicha blest increase distills.
11 Thy goodnes does the circling year with fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear, the fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd by them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd in beauteous robes of joy are seen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn the chearful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn, and seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy, to God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name, and spread his glorious praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord, in all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes shall be all forc'd to bow
4 Thro' all the earth the nations round shall thee their God confess,
And with glad hymns their awful dread of thy great name express.
5 O come, behold the works of God, and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men has wond'rous judgment shown.
6 He made the sea become dry land, thro' which our fathers walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his might with joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his pow'r for ever rules, his eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel against his sov'reign sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye nations, bless our God, and loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive and still confirms our stedfast ways.

10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where oppressing burdens bore.
12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves, [we through fire and water chace;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt off'rings to thy house I'll bring, and there my vows I'll pay;
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make in trouble's dismal day.
15 Then shall the richest incense smoke, that fattest rams shall fall;
The choicest goats from out the fold, and bullocks from the stall.
16 O! come all ye that fear the Lord; attend with needful care,
Whilst I, what God for me has done with grateful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd, so now I praise his name,
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin, would all my pray'rs disclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd, his gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request, with constant love attend,
20 Then bless'd for ever be my God, who never, when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my soul, nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bless thy chosen race, in mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face on all thy saints to shine.
2 That so thy wond'rous way may thro' the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay, and thy salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
4 O let them shout and sing, dissolv'd in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King, shalt govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground a large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd, which God, our God, bestows.
7 Then God upon our land shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of battle, rise, and scatter his presumtuous foes;
Let shameful rout their host sur- who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
(prise,
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost, or wax into the furnace cast.
So let their sacrilegious host before his wrathful presence waste,
3 But let the servants of his will his favour's gentle beams enjoy:
Their upright hearts let gladness fill, and chearful songs their tongues employ
4 To him your voice in anthems raise: JEHOVAH's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his praise, who rides upon the rolling spheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the skies, to this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize, and judge the injur'd widow's cause
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil restores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free; and fruitless toil their proud oppressors righteous doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead in person, Lord, our armies forth;
Strange terrors thro' the desart spread, convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil, and heav'n's high arches shook with fear
How then shall Sinai's humble hill of Israel's God the presence bear?

9 Thy hand, at famish'd earth's com- (plaint, reliev'd her from celestial stores:
And when thy heritage was faint, asswag'd the drought with plenteous (show'rs.
10 Where savages had rang'd before, at ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
And in the desart, for the poor, thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the word; we sally'd (forth, and in that pow'rful word o'ercame;
While virgin-troops with songs of mirth in state our conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast armies, by such gen'rals led, as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread and to our women left the spoil.
13 Tho' Egypt's drudges you have been, your army's wings shall shine as bright,
As dove's in golden sunshine seen, or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand o'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's (strand, high Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast and Bashan's hill, we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast, but that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's (great) should this, O mountains! swell your (pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat, where he for ever will reside.
17 His chariots numberless; his pow'r are heavenly hosts that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs, as once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Ascending high, in triumph thou captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow the spoil of armies, once their dread.
Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace, and humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place, and all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day bestow'd, be daily his great name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
21 But justice for his harden'd foes proportion'd vengeance has decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord has thus in thunder spoke; "as I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
"Once more I'll break my people's (yoke, "and from the deep my servants bring:
23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er:
"Nor earth receive such impious (blood, "but leave for dogs th' unhallow'd (gore."

PART III.

24 When marching to thy blest abode, the wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God, in robes of majesty array'd;
25 Sweet-singing Levites led the van; loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin-train with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear:
26 This was the burden of their song; "In full assemblies bless the Lord:
"And who to Israel's tribes belong, "the God of Israel's praise record."
27 Not little Benjamin alone from neighb'ring bounds did there (attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne her counsellors in state did send:
But Zebulon's remoter seat, and Napthali's more distant coast:
(The grand procession to complete) sent up their tribes, a princely host.
28 Thus God to strength and union our tribes, at strife till that blest hour.
This work, which thou, O God, hast (wrought, [brought confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r,

29 To visit Salem, Lord descend, and Sion thy terrestrial throne;
Where kings with presents shall attend, and there with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, like pamper'd herbs of savage might;
[who threat,
Their silver-armour'd chiefs defeat, who in destructive war delight.
31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth her hands, and Afric homage bring.
32 The scattered kingdoms of the earth their common Sov'reign's praises sing;
33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere of ancient heaven, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear, like that of warring winds and tides.
34 Ascribe the pow'r to God most high: of humble Isr'el he takes care;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky, darts shining terrors thro' the air.
35 How dreadful are the sacred c urts, where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports: to God give praise, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll, and press to overwhelm my soul.
2 With painful steps in mire I tread, and deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With restless cries my spirits faint, my voice is hoarse with long complaint
My sight decays with tedious pain, whilst for my God I wait in vain.
4 My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few, compar'd with foes that me pursue,
With groundless hate grown out of (might to execute their lawless spite.
They force me guiltless to resign as rapine, what by right was min.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see, nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.
6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care, lest, for my sake, thy saints despair;
7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name reproach, and hid my face in shame;
8 A stranger to my country grown, nor to my nearest kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn. by brethren of my mother born.
9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name, consumes me like devouring flame;
Concern'd at their affronts to thee, more than at slanders cast on me.
10 My very tears and abstinence they construe in a spiteful sense.
11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for (their sake, they me their common proverb make,
12 Their judges make my wrongs their (jest, those wrongs they ought to have re- (drest,
How should I then expect to be from libels of rude drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair for help, with humble, timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store: display thy truth's preserving pow'r.
14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve; and from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep, and snatch me from the raging deep.
15 Controul the deluge ere it spread, and rolls its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit to close her jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, for thy transcending goodness sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more, from thy abounding mercy's store.
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face: make haste; for desp'rate is my case:
18 Thy timely succour interpose, and shield me from remorseless foes.
19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn I from my enemies have borne;
Nor can their close dissembled spite, or darkest plots escape thy sight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my (heart; I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain: but looked, alas! for both in vain.
21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call; instead of food, they gave me gall:
And when with thirst my spirits sink, they gave me vinegar to drink.
22 Their table therefore to their health shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth:
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes, and sudden blasts their hopes surprize.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour, 'till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25 And make their house a dismal cell, where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd for him who had thy stripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn, to bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.
27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray, 'till they to truth have lost the way
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul, nor with the just their names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor, thy strong salvation shall restore.
30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim, and celebrate with thanks thy name.
31 Our God shall this more highly prize than herds or flocks in sacrifice.
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see, and hope for like redress with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint; sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise, and all the world resound his praise.
35 For God will Sion's walls erect; fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
'Till all her scatter'd sons repair to undisturb'd possession there.
36 This blessing they shall, at their death, to their religious heir bequeath;
And they to endless ages more, of such as his blest name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my relief draw near; for never was more pressing need:
For my deliv'rance, Lord appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.
2 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine:
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile design.
3 Their doom let desolation be: with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made,
4 While those who humbly seek thy face, to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace, with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care,
Thou, God, who only canst restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN thee I put my stedfast trust; defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul; for righteous is thy name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding place, to which I may resort:
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe; thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now my hope has been in thee,
6 Thy constant care did safely guard my tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb, to sing thy constant praise,
7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze, thy hand supports me still:
Thy honour therefore, and thy praise, my mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then, thy servant, Lord, when I with age decay,
Forsake me not, when, worn with years, my vigour fades away.
10 My foes against my fame and me, with crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares, and mutual counsel take.
11 "His God, say they, forsakes him now, "on whom he did rely;
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope "of timely aid is nigh,"
12 But thou my God, withdraw not far: for speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes, that seek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my stedfast hope shall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise my time to come will spend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous acts, and saving health, my mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all, though summ'd with utmost care
16 While God vouchsafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim, and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my (youth, to praise thy glorious name;
And ever since thy wond'rous works have been my constant theme.
18 Then now forsake me not, when I am grey and feeble grown;
'Till I to these, and future times, thy strength and pow'r have (shown.
19 How high thy justice soars, O God! how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou hast done! who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd, thy grace shall yet relieve;
And from the lowest depth of woe, with tender care retrieve:
21 Thro' thee, my time to come shall be with pow'r and greatness crown'd
And me who dismal years have pass'd, thy comforts shall surround.
22 Therefore, with psaltery and harp, thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race, my voice in anthems raise.
23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul by thee redeem'd, shall in thy strengh rejoice
24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes, and brought'st them all to shame

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy just decrees the king in all his ways direct:
And let his son, throughout his reign, thy righteous laws respect.
2 So shall he still thy people judge with pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him their just protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains shall bring the happy fruits of peace;
(forth
Which all the land shall own to be the work of righteousness.
4 Whilst he the poor and needy race shall rule with gentle sway.
And from their humble necks shall take oppresive yokes away.
5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure, or time itself shall last.
6 He shall descend, like rain that chears the meadow's second birth,
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops refresh the thirsty earth.
7 In his blest days, the just and good shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall ev'ry where with endless peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd dominion shall from sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrate's stream, at nature's limits end.
9 To him the savage nations round shall bow their servile heads,
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust where he his conquest spreads.
10 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles, shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come, and wealthy Saba's king.
11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth his humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join to own his righteous sway.
12 For he shall set the needy free, when they for succour cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor, and all their wants supply.

The seventy-second Psalm was composed as an inauguration Hymn for Solomon, in which the author wishes and foretels prosperity and happiness to him.

PSALM LXXIII.

PART II.

13 His providence for needy souls, shall due supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless lives shall watch with tender care,
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls, from fraud and rapine free,
And in his sight their guiltless blood of mighty price shall be.
15 Therefore shall God his life and reign to many years extend,
While eastern princes tribute pay, and golden presents send.
For him shall constant pray'rs be made thro' all his prosperous days;
His just dominion shall afford a lasting theme of praise.
16 Of useful grain, thro' all the land, great plenty shall appear;
A handful sown on mountain tops, a mighty crop shall bear.
Its fruit, like cedars shook by wind, a rattling noise shall yield;
The city too shall thrive and vie for plenty with the field.
17 The mem'ry of his glorious name thro' endless years shall run.
His spotless fame shall shine as bright and lasting as the sun,
In him the nations of the world shall be completely blest,
And his unbounded happiness by ev'ry tongue confest.
18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Isr'el fears,
Who only wond'rous in his works, beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd, for ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world their glad assent proclaim,

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain proof, 'tis plain, that God will to his saints be kind;
That all whose hearts are pure and clean, shall his protecting favour find.
2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew, my stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd;
I griev'd the sinner's wealth to view, and envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
4,5 They to the grave in peace descend, and whilst they live are hale and strong;
No plagues or troubles them offend, which oft to other men belong.
6,7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held, and rapine seems their robe of state;
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd, they grow beyond their wishes great.
8, 9 With hearts corrupt and lofty talk, oppressive methods they defend;
Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk, their blasphemies to heav'n ascend,
10 And yet admiring crowds are found who servile visits duly make,
Because with plenty they abound. of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.
11 Their fond opinions they pursue, till they with them profanely cry,
"How shall the Lord our actions view? "can he perceive who dwells so high."
12 Behold the wicked! these are they who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day, and all their actions meet success.
13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart in vain, and wash'd my hands from guilt said I,
If all the day oppress'd I lie, and every morning suffer pain.
15 Thus did I once to speak intend; but if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend, and basely should their cause betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent, but found the case too hard for me,
Till to the house of God I went, then I their end did plainly see,

18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all on slipp'ry places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall, cast down by thy avenging hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick despis'd by thee when they're destroy'd
[their fate!
As waking men with scorn do treat the fancies that their dreams employ'd
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief my reins were rack'd with endless pains,
(oppress'd,
So stupid was I, like a beast, who no reflecting thought retains.
23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd and thy right-hand assistance gave:
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide, and then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in heav'n but thee alone have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's that I besides thee can desire,
(none
26 My trembling flesh and aching heart may often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart, and my eternal portion be.
27 For they that far from thee remove, shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove, thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and just that I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust, and will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY hast thou cast us off, O God? wilt thou no more return?
Oh! why against thy chosen flock does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord, the land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's mount, where once thy glory shone.
3 Oh! come and view our ruin'd state! how long our troubles last!
See how the foe, with wicked rage, has laid thy temple waste!
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name: where late thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp, their banners have display'd.
5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once advance the artist's fame,
With ax and hammer they destroy, like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burn'd; and what escap'd the flame
Has been profan'd and quite defac'd, though sacred to thy name.
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred places burn'd, where we thy praise proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st no tender signs to send:
We have no prophet now, that knows when this sad state shall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name for evermore be lost?
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right and on thy patient breast,
(hand,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth, so calmly lett'st it rest?
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r, in our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world, hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea, by thy own strength divide
Thou brak'st the wat'ry monster's head, the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all, that seem'd the deep to sway,
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made to savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st the waters largely flow:
Again, thou mad'st thro' parting streams, thy wand'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine the black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun, and ev'ry feebler light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold, attend on thy command.

PSALM LXXV, LXXVI.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord how scoruful foes have daily utg'd our shame.
And how the foolish people have blasphem'd thy holy name.
19 Oh! free thy mourning turtle-dove, by sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of the poor for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O let not the oppress'd return, with sorrow cloath'd, and shame;
But let the helpless, and the poor, for ever praise thy name.
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf; thy cause and our's maintain:
Remember how insulting fools each day thy name profane;
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes for ever, Lord, to cease;
Whose insolence, if not chastis'd, will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO thee, O God, we render praise, to thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh, thy wond'rous works declare.
2 In Isr'el when thy throne is fix'd, with me shall justice reign;
3 The land with discord shakes; but I the sinking frame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd their errors to redress;
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should their swelling pride suppress.
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if no pow'r could your's restrain:
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn to speak with less disdain.
6 For that promotion, which to gain your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet from southern climes arrives.
7 For God the great disposer is, and sov'reign Judge alone.
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts the humble to a throne.
8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup: with purple wine 'tis crown'd:
The deadly mixture, which his wrath deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints may sometimes taste; but wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd to drink the very lees.
9 His prophet I, to all the world this message will relate;
The justice then of Jacob's God my song shall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce, their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and seat him high, above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known, (Almighty, there by wonders
his name in Jacob does excel: (shown)
2 His sanctuary in Salem stands:
The majesty that heav'n commands
in Sion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, the temper'd sword and
there slain the mighty army lay. (spear;
4 Whence Sion's fame thro' earth is
Of greater glory, greater dread, (spread,
than hills, where robbers lodge their prey
5 Their valiant chiefs who came for spoil
Themselves met there a shameful foil:
securely down to sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more; their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'gainst him that did their legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers o'erthrown,
together slept in endless night. (revere,
7 When thou, whom heav'n and earth
Dost once with awful look appear,
what mortal pow'r can stand thy sight?
8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard
(its doom;
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou
[didst come,
9 The meek with justice to restore.
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee
(praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
the triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord; ye nations, bring
Vow'd presents to th' Eternal King:
thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII, LXXVIII.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my help did graciously appear;
In trouble's dismal day I sought my God with humble pray'r.
2 All night my fest'ring wound did run; no med'cine gave relief;
My soul no comfort would admit, my soul indulg'd her grief
3 I thought on God, and favours past; but that increas'd my pain:
I found my spirit more oppress'd, the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night thou keep'st my eyes awake;
My grief is swell'd to that excess, I sigh, but cannot speak,
5 I call to mind the days of old, with signal mercy crown'd:
Those famous years of ancient times, for miracles renown'd,
6 By night I recollect my songs, on former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart, where's now that wond'rous aid?
7 Has God for ever cast me off? withdrawn his favour quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth retir'd to endless night?
9 Can his long practis'd love forget its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd his mercy's healing spring?
10 I said, my weakness hints these fears; but I'll these fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High, and years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old, the wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate, my tongue shall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high, O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as ours? who can with him compare?
14 Long since a God of wonders thee thy rescu'd people found:
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed, with strong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee O God, the waters saw, the frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves for fear beneath their channels sunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending [skies did with their noise conspire,
Thy arrows all abroad were sent, wing'd with avenging fire.
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn, whilst all the lower world
With lightnings blaz'd, earth shook, and (seem'd from her foundations hurl'd
19 Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy way, thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous passage, where no sight thy footsteps can descry,
20 Thou led'st thy people like a flock safe through the desart land,
By *Moses*, their meek skilful guide, and *Aaron's* sacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth deep in your hearts descend.
2 My tongue, by inspiration taught, shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood, and own'd for truths of old;
3 Which we from sacred registers of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers pious care to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our sons: our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength has works of wonders wrought,
5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd, this league with Isr'el made;
With charge, to be from age to age, from race to race, convey'd;
6 That generations yet to come should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same, and they again to theirs.
7 To teach them that in God alone their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget, but keep his just commands.
8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove a stiff rebellious race,
False hearted, fickle to their God, unstedfast in his grace.

9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* sons, who tho' to warfare bred;
And skilful archers arm'd with bows, from field ignobly fled.
10,11 They falsify'd their league with God, his orders disobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles before their eyes display'd,
12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw, did they in mind retain:
Prodigious things in *Egypt* done, and *Zoan's* fertile plain.
13 He cut the seas to let them pass, restrain'd the pressing flood;
While pil'd on heaps, on either, side, the solid waters stood.
14 A wond'rous pillar led them on, compos'd of shade and light:
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day, a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppress'd 'em, where no (stream the wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the solid rock he brought, which down in rivers fell;
That trav'lling with their camp each day renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more, provoking the most high;
In that same desart where he did their fainting souls supply.
18 They first incens'd him in their hearts, that did his pow'r distrust,
And long'd for meat, nor urg'd by want, but to indulge their lust.
19 Then utter'd their blaspheming doubts; "Can God, say they, prepare
"A table in the wilderness, "set out with various fare?
20 "He smote the flinty rock ('tis true) "and gushing streams ensu'd:
"But can he corn and flesh provide "for such a multitude?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard: from heaven avenging flame
On *Jacob* fell, consuming wrath on thankless *Isr'el* came:
22 Because their unbelieving hearts in God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n their wants so oft supply'd,
23 Tho' he had made his clouds discharge provisions down in show'rs;
And when earth fail'd reliev'd their need, from his celestial stores.
24 Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down, their hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the shores of heav'n they did sustaining corn receive.
25 Thus man with angel's sacred food, ingrateful man, was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found a plenteous table spread.
26 From heav'n he made an east-wind blow, then did the south command
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls like seas unnumber'd sand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall the luscious easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp their feather'd booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em leave their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilst in their luxurious mouths they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs, and *Isr'el's* chosen slew.

PART II.

32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford his miracles belief;
33 Therefore thro' fruitless travels, he consum'd their lives in grief.
34 When some were slain, the rest return'd to God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence, their Saviour, God most high.
36 But this was feign'd submission all, their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave, nor did with death chastise;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside, or would not let it rise.
39 For he remember'd they were flesh, that could not long remain;
A murmuring wind that's quickly past, and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there, how oft his patience grieve,
In that same desart where he did their fainting souls relieve?

41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd;
When *Isr'el's* God refus'd to be by their desires confin'd
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day that their redemption brought;
43 His signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous works in *Zoan's* valley wrought,
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood, that man and beast forbore;
And rather chose to die of thirst, than drink the putrid gore.
45 He sent devouring swarms of flies, hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil,
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd the harvest of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke, with frost the fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and hail make flocks and herds, one general sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger loose, and set no time for it to cease;
And, with their plagues, bad angels sent their torments to increase.
50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath to ravage uncontrol'd;
The murrain on their firstling seiz'd, in ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly pest from beast to man, from field to city came;
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes, through all the tents of *Ham*.
52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep, he brought from their distress;
And them conducted like a flock, throughout the wilderness;
53 He led them on, and in their way no cause of fear they found;
But march'd securely thro' those deeps, in which their foes were drown'd
54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought safe to his promis'd land
And to his holy mount the prize of his victorious hand,
55 To them the out-cast heathens land he did by lot divide;
And in their foes abandon'd tents, made Isr'el's tribes reside.

PART III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd the wrath of God most high;
Nor would to practise his commands their stubborn hearts apply;
57 But in their faithless fathers steps perversely chose to go:
They turn'd aside, like arrows shot from some deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd with altar set on high:
And with their graven images inflam'd his jealousy.
59 When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* tribes his wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted *Shiloh*, and the tents where once he chose to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark, his glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave, nor would his wrath restrain.
63 Destructive war their ablest youth untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led, with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the sacrificer fell, the priest a victim bled;
And widows, who their deaths should mourn, themselves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rouz'd from sleep, whom wine had throughly (warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd, and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He smote their host, that from the field a scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs of everlasting shame.
67 With conquests crown'd, he *Joseph's* and Ephraim's tribes forsook;
(tents
68 But *Judah* chose, and *Sion's* mount for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there with spires exalted high:
While deep, and fix'd as that of earth, the strong foundations lie.
70 His faithful servant *David* too, he for his choice did own,
And from the sheepfolds him advanc'd to sit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes, he brought him forth to feed,
His own inheritance, the tribes of Isr'el's chosen seed.
72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd a faithful shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright heart, and guided them with skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts have thy possession seiz'd!
Thy sacred house they have defil'd, thy holy city raz'd!
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints, abroad unburied lay;
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts, and rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood like common water shed,
And none were left alive to pay last duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands, our small remains with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-stock are made to all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord? must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage, like fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands that know not thee, thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush, that have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd on Jacob's chosen, race;
And to a barren desart turn'd their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former sins, but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints, almost with sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our salvation, help, and free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence exalt thy glorious name.
10 Let infidels that scoffing say, "Where is the God they boast?"
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints, perceive thee to their cost.
11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ners moans, thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches doom'd to die, from that untimely end.
12 On them, who us oppress, let all our suff'rings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more than what on us they laid.
13 So we thy people and thy flock shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O Isr'el's shepherd, Joseph's guide, our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride, again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects of thy resistless strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly host obey, how long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray, and to their pray'rs have no return.
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench with streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round as for a common prey contest;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound, and at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought's a vine from Egypt's land, and casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand and firmly fix it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way, and mad'st it take a lasting root.
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray, o'er all the land did widely shoot.
10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade, its goodly boughs did cedars seem,
Its branches to the sea were spread, and reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.
12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown, which thou hadst made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its grapes defenceless grown, are pluck'd by those that pass along.

13 See how the bristling forest boar, with dreadful fury lays it waste;
Hark how the savage monsters roar, and to their helpless prey make haste.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray, thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heav'n thy throne, this vine and her sad state with pity view.
(survey, (long;
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee, which thy right-hand did guard so
And keep that branch from danger free, which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey, and all its spreading boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they soon decay, and perish at thy dreadful frown,
17 Crown thou the king with good by thy right-hand secur'd from wrong;
(success,
The son of man in mercy bless, whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
18 So shall we still continue free, from whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee, will always praise thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away,

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing strength, with loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise to Jacob's awful king.
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps your grateful skill employ,
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time, the solemn day of praise,
4 For this a statute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd by Isr'el's chosen seed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd, when freed from Egypt's land;
Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard, but could not understand.
6 "Your burden'd shoulders I reliev'd, (thus seem'd our God to say)
"Your servile hands by me were freed "from lab'ring in the clay.
7 "Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress, "to me for aid did call;
"With pity I their suff'rings saw, "and set them free from all.
"They sought for me, and from the clouds "in thunder I reply'd;
"At Meribah's contentious stream "their faith and duty try'd.

PART II.

8 "While I my solemn will declare, "my chosen people hear;
"If thou, O Isr'el, to my words "wilt lend thy list'ning ear:
9 "Then shall no God besides myself "within thy coasts be found;
"Nor shalt thou worship any God "of all the nations round.
10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee "brought forth from Egypt's;
(land
"Tis I that all thy just desires "supply'd with lib'ral hand.
11 "But they, my chosen race, refus'd "to hearken to my voice;
"Nor would rebellious Isr'el's sons "make me their happy choice."
12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up, to ev'ry lust a prey:
And, in their own perverse designs, permitted them to stray.
13 O that my people wisely would my just commandments heed!
And Isr'el in my righteous ways with pious care proceed!
14 Then should my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppose;
And my avenging hand be turn'd against their num'rous foes
15 Their enemies and mine, should all before my footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy state shall never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty shall abound, with finest wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to please their taste, should richest honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great assembly stands, where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods, and does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge, or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor: let such your justice find.
4 Protect the humble helpless man reduc'd to deep distress;
And let not him become a prey to such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn, but blindly rove and stray,
Justice and truth, the world's support, thro' all the land decay.
6 Well then may in God anger say, "I've call'd you by my name;
"I've said, y'are gods, the sons and heirs "of my immortal fame.
7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds "to strict account I'll call:
"You all shall die like common men, "like other tyrants fall."
8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord, throughout the earth display;
And all the nations of the world shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God, no longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet looks our ruin calmly see!
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes o'er all the land are spread:
And they which hate thy saints and thee, lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy zealous people, Lord, they craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen saints have laid their close design.
4 "Come, let us cut them off, say they, "their nation quite deface;
"That no remembrance may remain "of Isr'el's hated race."
5 Thus they against thy people's peace consult with one consent;
And diff'ring nations jointly leagu'd their common malice vent.
6 The Ishm'elites that dwell in tents, with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's sons our ruin vow, with Hagar's race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too, with Amalek conspire;
The lords of Palestine, and all the wealthy sons of Tyre;
8 All these the strong Assyrian king their firm ally have got:
Who with a pow'rful army aids th' incestuous race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let such vengeance come to them, as once to Midian came;
To Jaban and proud Sisera, at Kishon's fatal stream.
10 When thy right-hand their num'rous hosts near Endor did confound,
And left their carcases for dung to feed the hungry ground,
11 Let all their mighty men the fate of Zeb and Oreb share;
As Zebah and Zalmunnah, so let all their princes fare.
12 Who, with the same design inspir'd, thus vainly boasting spake,
"In firm possession for ourselves "let us God's houses take."
13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels which downwards swiftly move;
Like chaff before the winds, let all their scatter'd forces prove.
14, 15 As flames consume dry wood, or heath that on parch'd mountains grows
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath with terror strike thy foes.
16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace, that they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts thy gentler means disclaim.
18 So shall the wond'ring world confess that thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth hast rais'd thy lofty throne,

The eighty first Psalm seems to have been composed for the new moon. It is said Asaph was the author of it, but who this Asaph was is uncertain.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, the brightness of thy face!
(shew'st
2 My longing soul faints with desire, to view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out for thee the living God,
3 The birds, more happy far than I, around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there securely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, how highly bless'd are they.
Who in thy temple always dwell, and there thy praise display!
5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee, their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways that to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who pass thro' parch'd and thirsty vales, yet no refreshment want:
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou at their request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength, and still approach more near;
'Till all on *Sion's* holy mount before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts, my just requests regard!
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my pray'r be still with favour heard;
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone can'st timely aid dispense:
On thy anointed servant look; be thou his strong defence.
10 For in thy courts one single day, 'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides a thousand days to spend.
Much rather in God's house will I the meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin my pompous dwelling make,
11 For God, who is our sun and shield, will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold from them that justly live.
12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd, is still repos'd on thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou hast granted to thy land the favours we implor'd
And faithful *Jacob's* captive race most graciously restor'd
2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd, and all their guilt defac'd:
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on, nor thy fierce anger last.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts to thy obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting tears, thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why shouldest thou be angry still, and wrath so long retain;
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord display, which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous mercy's sake, thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait; for he, with good success,
(If they no more to folly turn) his mourning saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy name, his sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd and righteousness with peace;
Like kind companions absent long, with friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, shall streams of justice pour;
(whilst heav'n
And God, from whom all goodness flows, shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march, and his just paths prepare:
Whilst we his holy steps pursue, with constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God, thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me distress'd and destitute to all relief but thine:

2 Do thou, O God, perserve my soul, that does thy name adore:
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust relies on thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul whose hopes on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good, but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those who for thy mercy sue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r, O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled, I on thee will call. for thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the gods there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they, as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator thee, the nations shall adore:
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise thy bless'd name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great the wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, thee God supreme, confess thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I from truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God, praise thee with heart sincere:
And to thy everlasting name eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me, transcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul from lowest depths of hell.
14 O God, the sons of pride and strife have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft has my deliv'rance wrought:
15 But thou thy constant goodness didst to my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy and of truth, thou everlasting spring:
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength to me thy servant show:
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me, thine handmaid's son, bestow.
17 Some signal give, which my proud foes may see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief and comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's temple crowns the holy (mount:
the Lord there condescends to dwell:
2 His *Sion's* gates, in his account,
our *Isr'el's* fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due praise,
in *Babylon's* applauses join,
The fame of *Ethiopia* raise,
with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine*:
And grant that some, amongst them [born,
their age and country did adorn.
5 But still of *Sion* I'll aver,
that many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,
that such a person there was born,
and such did such an age adorn.
7 He'll *Sion* find with numbers fill'd
of such as merit high renow;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd,
and (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring
Like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I by day and night address my cry:
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to (hear, to my distress incline thine ear;
3 For seas of trouble me invade, my soul draws nigh to death's cold shade
4 Like one whose strength and hopes (are fled, they number me among the dead.
5 Like those who shrouded in the grave from thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care, down to the confines of despair.

PSALM LXXXIX.

7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have prest, too weak, alas, to bear the least.
8 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone, in a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me, confin'd past hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never cease, they waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd with outstretch'd hand invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive the dead, whom thou forsak'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing, whom thou from prison would'st not (bring?
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess, a mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain, where darkness and oblivion reign!
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn; my pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?
(forsook, (grown;
15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down, which from my youth with me have
Thy terrors past distract my mind, and fears of blacker days behind.
16 Thy wrath has burst upon my head, thy terrors fill my soul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd, and for a gen'ral deluge join'd
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all remov'd from sight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd, dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord shall be my my song on them shall ever dwell:
[song,
To ages yet unborn my tongue thy never-failing truth shall tell,
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain, thy mercy shall for ever last.
Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's "With David I a league have made,
(voice,
"To him my servant and my choice, "by solemn oaths this grant convey'd.
4 "While earth, and seas, and skies "thy seed shall in my sight remain:
(endure,
"To them thy throne I will ensure, "they shall to endless ages reign."
5 For such stupendous truth and love both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above, and by assembled saints below.
6 What seraph of celestial birth to vie with Isr'el's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth with our almighty Lord compare.
7 With rev'rence and religious dread, his saints shall to his temple press;
His fear thro' all their hearts should who his almighty name confess.
(spread, (nown'd?
8 Lord God of armies, who can boast of strength or pow'r, like thine re-
Of such a num'rous faithful host, as that which does thy throne surround?
9 Thou dost the lawless seas controul, and change the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleping billows roll, thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride, and did'st oppressing pow'r disarm:
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd the force of thy resistless arm.
11 In thee the sov'reign right remains of earth and heav'n: thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains, their maker and preserver own.
12 The poles on which the globe does were form'd by thy creating voice;
(rest,
Tebor and Hermon, east and west, in thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand, yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
14 Possest of absolute command, thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound:
Who may at festivals appear, with thy most glorious presence crown'd.
16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy sacred name rely;
And in thy righteousness employ'd above their foes be rais'd on high,

17 For in thy strength they shall advance whose conquest from thy favour spring
18 The Lord of hosts is our defence, and Isr'el's God our Isr'el's king.
19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's " A mighty champion I will send,
(voice,
" From Judah's tribe have I made " of one who shall the rest defend.
(choice
20 " My servant David I have found, " with holy oil anointed him;
21 " Him shall the hand support that " and guard that gave the diadem.
(crown'd
22 " No prince from him shall tribute " no son of strife shall him annoy;
(force,
23 " His spiteful foes I will disperse, " and them before his face destroy.
24 " My truth and grace shall him " his armies in well-order'd ranks,
(sustain,
25 " Shall conquer from the Tyrian " to Tygris and Euphrates' banks,
(main
26 " Me for his father he shall take, " his God and rock of safety call;
27 " Him I my first born son will make " and earthly kings his subjects all.
28 " To him my mercy I'll secure, " my cov'nant make for ever fast,
29 " His seed for ever shall endure, " his throne, till heav'n dissolves, shall
(last.

PART II.

30 " But if his heirs my law forsake, " and from my sacred precepts stray,
31 " If they my righteous statutes break " nor strictly my commands obey,
32 " Their sins I'll visit with a rod, " and for their folly make them smart,
33 " Yet will not cease to be their God, " nor from my truth, like them depart.
34 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, " but in remembrance fast retain;
" The thing that once my lips have " shall in eternal force remain.
(spoke
35 " Once have I sworn, but once for all " and made my holiness the tie,
" That I my grant will ne'er recall, " nor to my servant David lie.
36 " Whose throne and race the con- " shall, like his course, establish'd see;
(stant sun
37 " Of this my oath, thou conscious " in heav'n my faithful witness be."
(moon,
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord, but thou hast now our tribes forsook;
Thy own anointed hast abhorr'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou seemeth to have render'd void the cov'nant with thy servant made,
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd, and in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft and brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coast defenceless left, a publick scorn and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield to foes advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword his valour turn'd to shameful flight.
(unsteel'd,
44 His glory is to darkness fled, his throne is levell'd with the ground;
45 His youth to wretched bondage led with shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow
(drown'd,
46 How long shall we thy absence mourn, wilt thou for ever, Lord retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn, till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race, but loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can controul death's strict unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul, the grave that must mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy bound- the oath to which thy truth did seal,
(less grace,
Consign'd to *David* and his race, the grant which time should ne'er repeal

50 See how thy servants treated are with infamy, reproach, and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear from nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name, have made thy servants' hope their jest;
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim, and ever sing, *The Lord, be blest.*
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and defence of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been our sure abiding place.
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth, or th'earth and world didst frame
Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust, of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return, 'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night, whose hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood, we vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels the sun's reviving beams:
6 But howsoever fresh and fair its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite, before the ev'ning close.
7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd, and by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years breakoff, like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term of time is seventy years, an age that few survive:
But if, with more than common strength, to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted strength decays, to sorrow turn'd and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut, and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise, as more or less we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy servants, Lord, return, and speedily relent?
As we of our misdeeds, do thou of our just doom repent.
14 To satisfy and chear our souls, thy early mercy send:
That we may all our days to come, in joy and comfort spend;
15 Let happy times with large amends dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn, thy glorious pow'r be shown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine, give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his guardian made
Shall, under the Almighty's shade
secure and undisturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my soul, of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
my God in whom I willconfide.
3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
and from the noisome pestilence:
4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
his truth shall be thy strong defence.
5 No terrors that surprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
nor deadly shafts that fly by day:
6 Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
that in the hottest season slay,

7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
while thy firm health untouch'd (remains,
8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's sad catastrophe,
and count the sinner's mournful gains,
9 Because (with well plac'd confi-[dence)
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence
and on the Highest dost rely;
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
any infectious plague draw nigh.
11 For he throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
shall give his angels strict commands;
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance (to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy [feet,
shall bear thee safely in their hands.
13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood
And lions roaring for their food,
beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie.
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
and fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befals;
increase his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undisturb'd content,
His long and happy life is spent,
his end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be to thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise, his name to magnify.
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn, his goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night, the glad effects repeat.
3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing, with tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds, for sacred use design'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord, thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with cheerful voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord, how deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid, no stupid sinner sees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men, like grass look fresh and gay,
How soon their short lived splendour must for ever pass away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high; and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin, shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sovereign pow'r, and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st my consecrated head,
11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes to utter ruin brought;
And hear the dismal end of those who have against me fought;
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms, shall make a glorious show;
As cedars that on Lebanon in stately order grow.
13, 14 These, planted in the house of God, within his courts shall thrive,
Their vigour and their lustre both shall in old age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his justice shew; and God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength (array'd, the Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid, and the vast fabric still sustains.
How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne! which shall no change or period see?
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, art God from all eternity.
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their (voice, and toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise, and make the angry sea comply.
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure, and they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure, must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom vengeance belongs, thy justice now disclose:
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth, and crush thy haughty foes
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast, and insolently speak?
5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress, but unprovok'd, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood, and helpless orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive, (profanely thus they speak)
"Nor any notice of our deeds "the God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants endeavour to discern;
In folly will you still proceed, and wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear, or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those, who his known will defy?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men, to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees how vain their counsels are.

PART II.

12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord, in kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk dost lovingly advise.
13 This man shall rest and safety find in seasons of distress:
Whilst God prepares a pit for those that stubbornly transgress.
14 For God will never from his saints his favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot, he will not quite forsake
15 The world shall then confess thee just in all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways, shall in those paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf, when wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress, my righteous cause shall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept, but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipt; when sad, my troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just, their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence their wicked ends to gain?
21 Against the lives of righteous men they form their close design;
The blood of innocence to spill, in solemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord most high;
He is my rock to which I may for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs, on their own heads to fall:
He in their sins shall cut them off, our God shall slay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud anthems let us sing, loud thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our voices high should (raise, when our salvation's rock we praise.
2 Into his presence let us haste, to thank him for his favours past:
To him address, in joyful songs, the praise that to his name belongs.
3 For God the Lord enthron'd in state, is, with unrivall'd glory great:
A king superior far to all, whom by his title God we call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand, her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the [skies, subjected to his empire lies.
5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss, by the same sov'reign right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand, that form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair, and bow with adoration there:
Down on our knees devoutly all, before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he, his flock and pasture-sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near to-day if you his voice will hear.

8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew your fathers crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they in desart plains of Meribah.
9 When thro' the wilderness they mov'd and me with fresh temptation prov'd;
They still, thro' unbelief, rebell'd, while they my wond'rous works beheld.
10, 11 They forty years my patience tho' daily I their wants reliev'd;
(griev'd,
Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said, whose heart from me has always stray'd;
They ne'er will tread my righteous therefore to them, in settled wrath,
(path,
Since they despis'd my rest, I swear, that they shall never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song, Let earth, in one assembled throng, her common patron's praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his
(name,
From day to day his praise proclaim, who us has with salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.
4 He's great and greatly to be prais'd, In majesty and glory rais'd above all other deities!
5 For pageantry and idols all, Are they whom gods the heathen call; he only rules who made the skies.
6 With majesty and honour crown'd, Beauty and strength his throne sur-
[round.
7 Be therefore both to him restor'd By you who have false gods ador'd; ascribe the honour to his name;
8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay, Before his throne your homage pay, which he, and he alone, can claim,
9 To worship at his sacred court Let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim around, Jehovah reigns, Whose pow'r the universe sustains, and banisht justice will restore;
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess And heav'nly mirth let earth express, its loud applause the ocean roar; Its mute inhabitants rejoice, And for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile valleys sing, The cheerful groves their tribute bring; the tuneful choir of birds awake;
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate, Who now sets out with awful state, his circuit thro' the earth to take. (come From heav'n to judge the world he's With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth in his just government rejoice; Let all the isles, with sacred mirth, in his applause unite their voice.
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade his dazzling glory shroud in state: Justice and truth his guards are made, and fix'd by his pavilion wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face, his foes around with vengeance struck:
4 His lightnings set the world on blaze, earth saw it, and with terror shook;
5 The proudest hills his presence felt, their height no strength could help
(afford,
The proudest hills like wax did melt, in presence of th' almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns, his righteousness to with storms of fire our foes pursu'd;
(show,
And all the trembling world below, have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host, who make the gods to whom they pray.
All who of pageant idols boast: to him, ye gods, your worship pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy triumphs heard, and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd,
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, have pagan pride and power destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high, above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky, supreme by all the gods art own'd.
10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire, abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servant's souls entire, and them from wicked hands redeem.

11 For seeds are grown of glorious light, a future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right, to recompence its pious trust.
12 Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord; memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record, and with your thankful tongue confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song, who wond'rous things has doue;
With his right hand and holy arm, the conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' the astonish'd world display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear in all the heathens sight.
3 Of Isr'el's house his love and truth have ever mindful been:
While earth's remotest parts the pow'r of Isr'el's God have seen;
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy resound their Maker's praise.
5 With harps and hymns soft melody, into the concert bring;
6 The trumpet shrill and cornet's sound before th' almighty King.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy, with all that seas contain:
The earth and her inhabitants join concert with the main,
8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams, to spreading torrents they;
And echoing vales, from hill to hill, redoubled shouts convey.
9 To welcome down the world's great Judge who does with justice come;
And, with impartial equity, both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all the guilty nations quake:
On cherub's wings he sits enthron'd: let earth's foundations shake.
2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court, his palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with praise address his great and dreadful name,
And with his unresisted might his holiness proclaim.
4 For truth and justice in his reign, of strength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteousness dispens'd to Jacob's race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might. his holiness extol.
6 Moses and Aaron thus of old, among his priests ador'd;
Among his prophets Samuel thus his sacred name implor'd
Distress'd upon the Lord they call'd, who ne'er their suit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd, he graciously reply'd.
7 For with their camp, to guide their march, the cloudy pillar mov'd,
They kept his laws, and to his will obedient servants prov'd.
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft his people for their sake;
And those who rashly them oppos'd, did sad examples make.
9 With worship at his sacred courts exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is, alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1,2 WITH one consent let all the earth to God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth and sing before him songs of praise.
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone, from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own, the flock that he vouchsafes to feed,
4 O enter then his temple gate, thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat, and still his name with praises bless.
5 For he's the Lord supremely good, his mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood, to endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF mercy's never-failing spring, and stedfast judgment, I will sing;
And since they both to thee belong, to thee, O Lord, address my song.
2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself I'll make a pattern for my court to take.
3 No ill design will I pursue, nor those my fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to reproof have no regard, him will I totally discard.
5 The private slanderer shall be in public justice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aside, and mortify the heart of pride.
6 But honesty, call'd from her cell, in splendour at my court shall dwell;
Who virtue's practice make their care, shall have the fresh preferments there.
7 No politicks shall recommend his country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er shall to my favour rise by flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All those who wicked courses take, an early sacrifice I'll make:
Cut off, destroy, till none remain God's holy city to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace let my sad cry ascend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face in times of deep distress:
Incline thine ear, and when I call, my sorrows soon redress.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life like scatter'd smoke expires:
My shrivell'd bones are like a hearth that's parch'd with constant fires
4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce my needful food I mind.
5 By reason of my sad estate, I spend my breath in groans:
My flesh is worn away, my skin scarce hides my starting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become, that does in desarts mourn:
Or like an owl that sits all day on barren trees forlorn.
7 In watchings or in restless dreams the night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds that lonesome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made the subject of their scorn;
Who all, possess'd with furious rage, have my destruction sworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie, oppress'd with grief and fears:
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er, my drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Because on me with double weight thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou to make my fall more great, didst lift me up on high.
11 My days just hast'ning to their end, are like an ev'ning shade:
My beauty does, like wither'd grass, with waning lustre fade.
12 But thy eternal state, O Lord, no length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works from age to age shall last.
13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view with an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, thy own appointed day of grace.
14 Her scatter'd ruins by thy saints with pity are survey'd:
They grieve to see her lofty spires in dust and rubbish laid,
15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord all heathen kings shall fear;
When he shall Sion build again, and in full state appear.
17, 18 When he regards the poor's request, nor slights their earnest pray'r;
Our sons, for this recorded grace, shall his just praise declare,
19 For God, from his abode on high, his gracious beams display'd:
The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne, hath all the earth survey'd,
20 He listen'd to the captive's moans, he heard the mournful cry,
And freed, by his resistless pow'r, the wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they, in Sion where he dwells, might celebrate his fame,
And thro' the holy city sing loud praises to his name,

22 When all the tribes assembling there, their solemn vows address,
And neighb'ring lands with glad consent the Lord their God confess.
23 But ere my race is run, my strength through his fierce wrath decays
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd, cut short my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I, when half is scarcely past:
Thy years, from worldly changes free, to endless ages last.
25 The strong foundations of the earth of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n with wond'rous skill have made:
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure, they soon shall pass away,
And like a garment often worn, shall tarnish and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'st their change, to thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same, nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy saints shall lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd, shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII.

1,2 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love, God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful and still thy grateful thanks express.
[prove,
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives, and after sickness makes thee sound:
From danger he thy life retrieves, by him with grace and mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth (supplies, thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries, his foe with just revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways to Moses and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praise, were to the sons of Jacob shown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender love, and unexampled acts of grace:
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move, his willing mercy flies apace,
9, 10 God will not always harshly chide but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide more by his love than our desert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends above this little spot of clay.
So much his boundless love transcends the small respects that we can pay,
12, 13 As far as tis' from east to west, so far hath he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God whom all our frame (surveys, considers that we are but clay;
How fresh so e'er we seem, our days like grass or flow'rs must fade away:
16, 17 Whilst they are nipp'd with (sudden blasts, nor can we find their former place:
God's faithful mercy ever lasts, to those that fear him, and their race.
18 This shall attend on such as still proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will, but to it just odedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the universal King, in heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing, in whose great strength his pow'r is (shown,
Ye that his just commands obey, and hear and do his sacred will;
21 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay, who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let every creature jointly bless the mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express, and in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, possessest empire without bounds,
(alone
With honour thou art crown'd, thy eternal Majesty surrounds.
(throne

PSALM CIV.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe, and glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtain stretch'd beyond the thy canopy of state to make.
(globe,
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms his palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms the swift-wing'd steeds with which he
4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind, his ministers heav'n's palace fill, (flies.
To have their sundry tasks assign'd; all proud to serve their sov'reign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd, he set, her face with waters overspread:
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the waves their head,
7 But when thy awful face appear'd, th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they and by their haste confess'd their dread.
(heard,
8 Thence up by secret tracts they creep, and gushing from the mountain's side,
Through vallies travel to the deep, appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's the threat'ning surges to repel;
(bounds,
That they no more o'erpass their nor to a second deluge swell.
(mounds,

PART II.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn the sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn, surprise the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The field's tame beasts are thitherled weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred, have sense to find these currents out.
12 Their shady trees from scorching yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
(beams,
They drink, and to the bounteous return the tribute of their song.
(streams
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills that soon transmit the liquid store;
(recruit,
'Till earth is burden'd with her fruit, and nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Grass for our cattle to devour, he makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs, for man's use, of various pow'r, that either food or physic yield,
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the to cheer man's heart oppress'd with
(vine, (cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to shine, and corn that wasted strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The trees of God, without the care or art of man, with sap are fed;
The moutain cedar looks as fair, as those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms the wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms protects the stork, her pious guest.
18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend, its tow'ring height their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend, where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconstant aspect shews th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows, his hours to rise and disappear.
20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to when forest beasts securely stray:
(shroud,
Young lions roar their wants aloud to providence that sends 'em prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter 'till summon'd by the rising morn,
(bent,
To skulk in dens, with one consent, the conscious ravagers return.
23 Forth to the tillage of his soil, the husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil, with him returns to his repose.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are for which thy wisdom we adore!
(found;
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd, 'till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PSALM CV.

PART IV.

25 But still, the vast unfathom'd main, of wonders a new scene supplies:
Whose depths inhabitants contain, of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.
26 Full freighted ships from ev'ry port, there cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
27 These various troops of sea and land, in sense of common want agree:
All wait on thy dispensing hand, and have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy stores disperse without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe, the craving world, is all supply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face, the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn:
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's forthwith to mother earth return.
(race,
30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth, t' inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth smiles on her new created breed.
31 Thus through successive ages stands firm fixt thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands thou dost the wastes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of in darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
(smoke,
33 In praising God while he prolongs my breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my songs, sincere, as is in him my joy;
35 While sinners from earth's face are my soul, praise thou his holy name;
(hurl'd
'Till with my song the list'ning world join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render thanks, and bless the Lord: invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds, his matchless deeds proclaim:
2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns, his wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse, and subject of your verse.
3 Rejoice in his Almighty name, alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy, that humbly seek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength devoutly still implore;
And where he's ever present, seek his face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought, keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth, and laws to us assign'd
6 Know ye his servant Abr'am's seed, and Jacob's chosen race,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still throughout the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind for num'rous ages past,
Which yet for thousand ages more, in equal force shall last.
9 First sign'd to Abra'm, next by oath to Isaac made secure;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law for ever to endure:
11 That Canaan's land should be their lot, when yet but few they were:
12 But few in number, and those few all friendless strangers there.
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm, securely they remov'd:
14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sakes, severely he reprov'd:
15 "These mine anointed are, said he, "let none my servants wrong,
"Nor treat the poorest prophet ill "that does to me belong."
16 A dearth at last, by his command, did through the land prevail;
Till corn, the chief support of life, sustaining corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death who sold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd, with calumny his fame:
19 Till God's appointed time and word to his deliv'rance came.

20 The King his sov'reign orders sent, and rescu'd him with speed;
Whom private malice had confin'd, the people's ruler freed
21 His court, revenues, realms, were all subjected to his will;
22 His greatest princes to controul, and teach his statesman skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt, then, invited guests, half-famish'd Isr'el came;
And Jacob held, by royal grant, the fertile land of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase his people multiply'd,
Till with their proud oppressors they in strength and number vy'd.
25 Their vast increase th' Egyptian hearts with jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his servants to destroy by treach'rous arts conspir'd.
26 His servant Moses then he sent, his chosen Aaron too;
27 Empow'r'd with signs and miracles to prove their mission true.
28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came, nature his summons knew;
29 Each stream and lake, transform'd to (blood, the wond'ring fishes slew.
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land, the pest of frogs was bred;
From noisome fens sent up to croak at Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies came down in cloudy hosts,
Whilst earth's enliven'd dust below bred lice thro' all their coasts.
32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain, and fire for cooling dew.
33 He smote their vines and forest plants, and garden's pride o'erthrew.
34 He spake the word, and locusts came, with caterpillar's join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor remains the storm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they descend, no verdant thing they spare;
But like the naked fallow field, leave all the pastures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns, commission'd vengeance flew,
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes and strength of Egypt slew;
37 He brought his servants forth enrich'd with Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
And, what transcends all treasure else, enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd in hopes to find her plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills by those already prov'd.
39 Their shrouding canopy by day. a journeying cloud was spread:
A fiery pillar all the night their desart-marches led.
40 They long'd for flesh; with evening quails he furnish'd ev'ry tent;
From heav'n's own granary, each morn, the bread of angels sent.
41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast pour'd fourth a gushing tide;
Whose flowing stream, where'er they (march'd, the desart's drought supply'd.
42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith and ancient league reflect:
43 He brought his people forth with joy, with triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes from Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave the fruit of other's toil:
45 That they his statutes might observe, his sacred laws obey:
For benefits so vast, let us our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render thanks to God above, the fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past has stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express, not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise, his tribute of imm ortal praise?
3 Happy are they, and only they, who from thy judgments never stray
Who know what's right; nor only so, but always practise what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord, thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free, let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see thy saints in full prosperity:
That I the cheerful choir may join, and count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect such grace, of parents vile, the viler race;
Who their misdeeds, have acted o'er, and with new crimes increas'd the scor
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought on all his works in Egypt wrought?
The red sea they no sooner view'd, but they their base distrust renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his name, once more to their deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known, that he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his command, the parting deep disclos'd her sand:
Where firm and dry the passage lay, as thro' some parch'd and desart way.
10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they who closely prest upon their rear;
(were,
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those that prov'd the rash pursuers graves.
(waves, (all.
12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall o'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host and
This proof did stupid Isr'el move to own God's truth, and praise his love

PART II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot, and for his counsel waited not:
14 But lusting in the wildrness, did him with fresh temptations press.
15 Strong food at their request he sent, but made their sin their punishment.
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose, the priest and prophet whom he chose
17 But earth the quarrel to decide, her vengeful jaws extended wide;
Rash Dathan to her centre drew, with proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those who did conspire to kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train became a prey to heav'n's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made and to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame they chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, and all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast, and where proud Pharaoh's troops were
(lost,
32 Thus urg'd his vengeful arm he but Moses in the breach appear'd
(rear'd,
The saint did for the rebels pray, and turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away,
24,25 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd nor his repeated promise priz'd,
Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey; but when God said, Go up, would stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their doom, without to perish in the wilderness;
[redress,
Or else to be by heathen hands o'erthrown, and scatter'd thro' the lands

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn race Baal-Peor's worship did embrace.
Became his impious guests, and fed on sacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke God's vengeance to the final stroke.
'Tis come—the deadly pest is come to execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy rage, (th' Almighty vengeance to assuage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall, th' atonement make that ransom'd all,
31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd, so heav'n the zealous act approv'd:
To him confirming, and his race. the priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd who Moses for their sakes reprov'd;
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke, till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
34 Nor when possess'd of Canaan's land, did they perform their Lord's command
Nor his commission'd sword employ the guilty nations to destroy.
35 Not only spar'd the Pagan crew, but mingling learnt their vices too;
36 And worship to those idols paid, which them to fatal snares betray'd.

37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice their children with relentless eye
Approach'd their altars thro' a flood of their own sons and daughters blood.
No cheaper victims would appease, Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her idols reconcile, but that which did the land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties the harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their hearts lust they went, and daily did new crimes invent
40 But sins of such infernal hue God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord, his own inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them defenceless did expose, to their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumphs wait, of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd; their list of tyrants he increas'd,
Till they who God's mild sway declin'd were made the vassals of mankind.
43 Yet, when distrest, they did repent, his anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke, renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd
45 But did to mind his promise bring, and mercy's inexhausted spring.
46 Compassion too he did impart, ev'n to their foes obdurate heart,
And pity for their suff'rings bred in those who them to bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's bands, together bring from heathen lands,
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise, and ever triumph in thy praise.
48 Let Isr'el's God be ever bless'd, his name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints with full accord, sing loud amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful voices raise, who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let those give thanks whom he (from bands of proud oppressing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from distant (lands, from north and south, and west and (east.
4, 5 Thro' lonely desart ways they went, nor could a peopled city find:
Till quite with thirst and hunger spent, their fainting souls within them pin'd.
6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address,
Who garciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.
7 From crooked paths he led them forth and in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy towns of great resort, where all their wants were well supply'd
8 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays.
9 For he from heav'n the sad estate of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls that pant for meat, his goodness daily food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie with darkness compass'd (round in death's uncomfortable shade;
And with unwieldy fetters bound, by pressing cares more heavy made,
11, 12 Because God's council they defy'd and lightly priz'd his holy word:
With these afflictions they were try'd, they fell, and none could help afford;
13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear, did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.
14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night and shades as black as death's abode.
He brought them forth to cheerful light and welcome liberty bestow'd.
15 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays.
16 For he with his Almighty hand the gates of brass in pieces boke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand, or temper'd steel resist the stroke.

PSALM CVII.

PART III.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense, with bold transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd offence, oppress'd with sore diseases lie:
18 Their soul a prey to pain and fear, abhors to taste the choisest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near to death's inhospitable gates.
19 When straight to God's indulgent ear do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals, his word both health and safety gives;
And when all human succour fails, from near destruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
22 With off'rings let his altar flame, whilst they their grateful thanks express
And with loud joy his holy name for all his acts of wonder bless.

PART IV.

23,24 They that in ships, with courage bold, o'er swelling waves their trade pursue;
Do God's amazing works behold, and in the deep his wonders view.
25 No sooner his command is past, but forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste, and makes the stormy billows rise.
26 Sometimes the ships toss'd up to heav'n, on tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the deep abyss are driv'n whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27 They reel and stagger to and fro, like men with fumes of wine oppress'd:
Nor do the skilful seamen know which way to steer, what course is best.
28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear they do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress
29,30 He does the raging storm appease, and makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease, and their intended course fulfil.
31 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness praise
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
32 Let them, where all the tribes resort, advance to heav'n his glorious name,
And in the elders sov'reign court with one consent his praise proclaim!

PART V.

33,34 A fruitful land, where streams abound, God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground, to punish those that dwell therein
35,36 The parch'd and desart heath he makes to flow with streams and springing wells
Which for his lot the hungry takes, and in strong cities safely dwells.
37,38 He sows the field, the vineyard, plants, which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can whilst God his blessing grants, his fruitful seed or stock decay.
39 But when his sins heaven's wrath provoke, his health and substance fade away;
He feels th' opprersor's galling yoke, and is of grief the wretched prey,
40 The prince that slights what God commands, expos'd to scorn, must quit his throne:
And over wild and desart lands, where no path offers, stray alone.
41 Whilst God from all afflicting cares, sets up the humble man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs, with his increasing flocks to vie.
42,43 Then sinners shall have nought to say, the just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh And thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my heart is fully bent to magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of (praise shall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp, thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy, prevent the dawning day.
2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord, thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise that round about us dwell:
4 Because thy mercy's boundless height the highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds thy faithful truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent, confess thy glorious name.
6 That all thy chosen people thee their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right hand protect me still and answer thou my pray'r.
7 Since God himself has said the word, whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sichem will divide, and measure Succoth's vale;
8 Gilead is mine, Manesseh too, and Ephraim owns my cause:
Their strength my regal pow'r supports, and Judah gives my laws.
9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge, on vanquish'd Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philistine lands, my conqu'ring banners spread.
10 By whose support and aid shall I their well fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead thro' Edom's guarded plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms, which *late* thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou, of these our hosts, once more the guidance take?
12 O to thy servant in distress thy speedy succour send;
For vain it is on human aid for safety to depend.
13 Then valiant acts shall we perform, if thou thy pow'r disclose:
For God it is, and God alone, that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God, whose former mercies make my constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state with wonted favour view.
2 For sinful men, with lying lips, deceitful speeches frame
And with their study'd slanders seek to wound my spotless fame.
3 Their restless hatred prompts them still malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine, by causeless fury led.
4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd my chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft, resort to thee by pray'r.
5 Since mischief, for the good I did, their strange reward does prove;
And hatred's the return they make for undissembled love;
6 Their guilty leader shall be made to some ill man a slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal foe for his accuser have.
7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves his crimes to aggravate.
8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate, shan't live out half his days:
Another, by divine decree, shall on his office seize.
9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife a widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread, where none can give relief.
11 His ill got riches shall be made to usurers a prey:
The fruit of all his toil shall be by strangers borne away.
12 None shall be found that to his wants their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed the least assitance lend.
13 A swift destruction soon shall seize on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins upon his head shall fall:
God on his mother's crimes shall think, and punish him for all.
15 All these in horrid order rank'd before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off their mem'ry from the land.

PART II.

16 Because he never mercy shew'd but still the poor oppress'd:
And sought to slay the helpless man, with heavy woes distress'd.
17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent, shall his own portion prove:
And blessing, which he still abhorr'd, shall far from him remove.
18 Since he in cursing took such pride, like water it shall spread
Thro' all his veins, and stick like oil with which his bones are fed.
19 This, like a poison'd robe, shall still his constant cov'ring be:
Or an envenom'd belt from which he never shall be free.
20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those that ill to me design:
That with malicious false reports, against my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious name, O God, do thou deliver me:
And for thy plenteous mercy's sake perserve and set me free:
22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd, am void of all relief:
My heart is wounded with distress, and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning shade decline, which vanishes apace:
Like locusts up and down I'm toss'd, and have no certain place.
24,25 My knees with fasting are grown weak my body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their heads, and treat me with disdain.
26,27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord, do thou my foes withstand:
That all may see 'tis thy own act, the work of thy right hand.
28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless; let shame the portion be.
Of all that my destruction seek, while I rejoicein thee.
29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloath'd, and spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak, the guilty wretch shall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful thanks, my cheerful voice will raise.
And where the great assembly meets, set forth his noble praise,
31 For him the poor shall always find their sure and constant friend;
And he shall from unrighteous dooms their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus said,
"Till I thy foes thy foostool (make,
"Sit thou in state, at my right hand:
2 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"And all thy proud oppressors see
"subjected to thy just command.
3 "Thee in thy power's triumphant day
"The willing nations shall obey;
"and when thy rising beams they view
"Shall all (redeem'd from error's (night)
"Appear as numberless and bright
"as crystal drops of morning dew."
4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in (vain,
That like Melchizedeck's, thy reign
and priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right-hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'er (throw,
6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcases his way,
'Tillhe hath struck earth's tyrants dead:
7 But in the high-way brooks shall first
Like a poor pilgrim slake his thirst,
and then in triumph raise his head.

* Some modern Jews, in despite of Christianity, have interpreted this psalm, as written upon Abraham, by Eleazar or Melchizedeck. R. Obediah explains this psalm of the Messias as does several others of the ancient writers.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to my soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise
(praise
With private friends, and in the throng of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2 His works for greatness tho' renown'd his wond'rous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright, and in the pious search delight.
3 His works are all of matchless fame, and universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past, shall to eternal ages last,
4 By precept he has us enjoin'd, to keep his wond'rous works in mind:
And to posterity record, that good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, has all his servants wants supply'd
And he will ever keep in mind his cov'nant with our fathers sign'd
6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd, they saw his matchless pow'r employ'd
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd and we their heritage possess'd.
7 Just are the dealings of his hands, immutable are his commands,
8 By truth and equity sustain'd, and for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He set his saints from bondage free, and then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same; holy and rev'rend is his name.
10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would must with the fear of God begin;
(win,
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in of God, and loves his sacred law:
(awe
2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd and with successive honours crown'd.
3 His house the seat of wealth shall be, an inexhausted treasury:
His justice free from all decay, shall blessings to his heirs convey.
4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light shines brighest in affliction's night:
To pity the distrest inclin'd, as well as just to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends, to some he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his charity impairs, he saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round, unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprize his heart, that fix'd on God relies.
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees the shipwreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms be- his glory's future harvest sow'd;
(stow'd
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, a temp'ral and eternal crown.
(renown,
10 The wicked shall his triumph see, and gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay, and vanish, with themselves, away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
2 His sacred name for ever bless.
3 Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
due praise to his great name address.
4 God thro' the world extend his sway
The region of eternal day.
but shadows of his glory are,
5 To him whose majesty excels, (dwells,
Who made the heav'n in which he
let no created pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
companion to the greatest there,

7 When childless families despair, | Makes her that barren was to bear,
He sends the blessing of an heir | And joyfully her fruit to rear;
to rescue their expiring name; | O then extol his matchless fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Isr'el by th' Almighty led, (enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's (seed from bondage in a foreign soil.
2 Jehovah for his residence, chose out imperial Judah's tent
His mansion royal, and from thence thro Isr'el's camp his orders sent.
3 The distant sea with terror saw, and from th' Almighty presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams surpriz'd with awe retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains skip'd like rams, when danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skip'd after them like lambs, affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw, and naked leave your ouzy bed?
Why Jordan against nature's law, recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head.
6 Why mountains did you skip like rams when danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills like lambs, when they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth tremble on, well may'st thou fear thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis time for earth and seas to flee.
8 To flee from God, who nature's law confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw, and thirsty vales with water fill:

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no share, but to thy sacred name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake, and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em that in heav'n thou art, and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and silver are, the works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes, the molten idol stands,
6 The pageant has both ears and nose, but neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move, nor life within it dwells
8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we can nothing like 'em find,
But those who on their help rely, and them for gods design'd.
9 O Isr'el make the Lord your trust, who is your help and shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone, who only help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Isr'el's house will bless,
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all who his great name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will increase of blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are of this almighty King.
16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he his empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence sleep, to him no praise afford;
18 But we will bless for evermore our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY soul with grateful thoughts of love entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear, the voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life to him address my pray'r.
3 With deadly sorrows compast round, with pains of hell oppres't,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart, and anguish rack'd my breast;
4 On God's almighty name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul, "with sorrow quite dismay'd."

5, 6 How just and merciful is God, how gracious is the Lord;
Who saves the harmless, and to me does timely help afford.
7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee his bounteous love exprest.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd my dangers and my fears:
My feet from falling he secur'd, and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years, which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name, and in his service spend.
10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him in greatest straits did boast;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid from faithless men were lost:)
12, 13 Then what return to him shall I for all his goodness make?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal the cup of blessing take.
14 15, I'll pay my vows amongst his saints, whose blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked men) in God's account is always highly priz'd:
16 By various ties, O Lord, must I to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before, thy ransom'd captive now!
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise; and whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows to all thy saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, and in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent, and mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful notes let all the earth to heav'n their voices raise;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth, sing solemn hymns of praise.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound, his truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2, 3 O Praise the Lord, for he is good, his mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last, let thankful Isr'el say.
4 Their sense of his eternal love, let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord confess.
5 To God I made my humble moan, with troubless quite oppress:
And he releas'd me from my straits, and granted my request.
6 Since therefore God does on my side so graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of men possess my soul with fear
7 Since God with those that aid my cause vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt a just return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God, and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r for safety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many nations closely leagu'd, did oft beset me round;
Yet by his boundless pow'r sustain'd I did their strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage was but a short liv'd blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd, I vanquish'd them with ease.
13 When all united press'd me hard, in hopes to make me fall:
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part, and sav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my strange escape to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength he only claims my songs.
15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just, whom God has sav'd from harm;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass by his almighty arm.
16 He, by his own resistless pow'r, has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand, amazing works has done.
17 God will not suffer me to fall, but still prolongs my days;
That by declaring all his works, I may advance his praise.
18 When God had sorely me chastis'd, till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death my fainting life retriev'd.

19 Then open wide the temple gates — to which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise — my great deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode — to which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe, — thy holy name I'll bless.
22,23 That which the builders once refus'd — is now the corner-stone;
This is the wond'rous work of God — the work of God alone.
24, 25 The day is God's; let all the land — exalt their chearful voice;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, — and make us still rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's name, — let all th' assembly bless;
"We that belong to God's own house — "have wish'd you good success."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all — both light and comfort find:
Fast to the altar's horns with cords — the chosen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still — I'll praise thy holy name;
Because thou only art my God, — I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God — who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise — be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep — the pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths — of God's commandments stray!
2 Thrice bless'd! who to his righteous laws — have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal — his favour sought to win!
3 Such men their utmost caution use — to shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs — with constant care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord, — to learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ — thy statues to fulfil.
5 O then that thy most holy will — might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life — by thy direction guide!
6 Then with assurance should I walk, — from all confusion free:
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways — with thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth — with chearful praises fill;
When by thy righteous judgments taught, I shall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy sacred law shall I — all due observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God, — nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways — from all pollution free?
By making still their course of life — with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek, — to thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps — from thy right paths to stray.
11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid, — thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid, — when sinful thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul — shall ever bless thy name;
O teach me then by thy just laws — my future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal, — to others have declar'd;
How well the judgments of thy mouth — deserve our best regard.
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands, — more solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase — of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws — shall always fill my mind.
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st all due respect shall find.
16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd — shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word — shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord; — do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word, — my time to come may spend.

18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind, that so I may discern
The wond'rous thing which they behold, who thy just precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a stranger in the land, from place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight, remove not thou away,
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd, with earnest longing spent.
Whilst always on the eager search of thy just will, intent.
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud, whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways, presumptuously refuse.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord, contempt and shame remove
For I thy sacred laws affect with undissembled love.
23 I ho' princes oft in council met against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe my constant bus'ness make.
24 For thy commands have always been my comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care, to guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul oppress'd with deadly care close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways, and thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O teach me then my future life by thy just laws to steer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws, and by their guidance walk,
The wond'rous works which thou hast done shall be my constant talk.
28 But see, my soul within me sinks, press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou according to thy word, my wasted strength repair.
29 Far, far from me, be all false ways and lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I still may keep the path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth, my happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life, before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life, with thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord, from shame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands shall I with pleasure run,
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy, successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord, thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life, will never go astray.
34 If thou true wisdom from above wilt graciouly impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the sacred ways to which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of wordly wealth from thee my thoughts divert.
37 From those vain objects turn my eyes, which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength to keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st, and give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear, in mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands my longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up, and promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow to chear my drooping heart:
To me, according to thy word, thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid, this ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will "his faithful promise break."

43 Then let not quite the word of truth be from my mouth remov'd:
Since still my ground of stedfast hope, thy just decrees have mov'd
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws will all my study bend;
From age to age my time to come in their observance spend.
45 E'er long I trust to walk at large, from all incumbrance free.
Since I resolv'd to make my life with thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk, and princes shall attend;
Whilst I the justice of thy ways with confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul shall both o'erflow with joy;
When in thy lov'd commandments I my happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just decrees lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be to study thy commands,

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace, thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good in me the word on which thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress did all my griefs controul:
Thy word when troubles hemm'd me round reviv'd my fainting soul.
51 Insulting foes did proudly mock, and all my hopes deride:
Yet from thy law, not all their scoffs could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments then of ancient date I quickly call to mind,
Till ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul did speedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one with deadly horror struck;
To think how all my sinful foes have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees my cheerful anthems made!
Whilst thro' strange lands anddesarts wild I like a pilgrim stray'd.
55 Thy name that cheer'd my heart by day has fill'd my thoughts by night;
I then resolv'd by thy just laws to guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul in deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will, I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord my God, my portion thou, and sure possession art;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve to treasure in my heart.
58 With all the strength of warm desires I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word, thy mercy's boundless store.
59 With due reflection and strict care, on all my ways I thought;
And so reclaim'd to thy just paths my wand'ring steps I brought
60 I lost no time, but made great haste, resolv'd without delay
To watch, that I might never more from thy commandments stray.
61 Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise, to sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought to love thy righteous ways.
63 To such as fear thy holy name myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills to thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth, thy mercy, Lord, abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me thy servant, thou hast dealt most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated benefits bestow'd, according to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill by which right judgment is attain'd
Who in belief of thy commands have stedfastly remain'd,
67 Before affliction stopt my course, my footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good, and all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern, thy saving skill bestow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies my spotless fame to staiit
But my fix'd heart, without reserve, thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills in sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me, that I have felt affliction's chast'ning rod;
That I might duly learn, and keep the statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds, of more esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand of silver and of gold.
(mines

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give, to learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints strong comfort will afford,
To see success atend my hopes, who trusted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgment sare, I now by sure experience see,
And that in faithfulness, O Lord, thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now afford me needful aid.
According to thy promise, Lord, to me thy servant made
77 To me thy saving grace restore that I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd to ruin me have sought;
Who only on thy sacred laws employ my harmless thought.
79 Let those that fear thy name, espouse my cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious search thy sacred precepts known.
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart continue always sound:
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot, may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul with long expectance faints to see thy saving grace:
Yet still on thy unerring word my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail with waiting for thy word,
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief and promis'd aid afford.
83 My skin like shrivell'd parchment shows, that long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me shall force thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute on them who me oppress;
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me, that have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee, and thy just laws oppose.
86 With right, and truth's eternal laws all thy commands agree:
Men persecute me without cause, thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With close designs against my life they had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore, my drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I my life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns, does all their orbs sustain,
90 Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth immoveable shall stand;
As does the earth which thou uphold'st by thy almighty hand.
91 All things the course by thee ordain'd ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all, and servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been my comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd in dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life restor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine, protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have by precepts sought to know, and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambush laid my guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call perfection here below:
But thy commandments, like thyself, no change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear, no language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain my ravish'd thoughts all day.
98 Thro' thy commands I wiser grow than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct. and all my ways dispose.
99 From me my former teachers now may abler counsel take;
Because thy sacred precepts I my constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel the sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd from ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgment stray'd by vain desires misled:
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me, thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How sweet are all thy words to me; O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul, than honey to my taste.
104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I with heav'nly skill am blest;
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp, the way of truth to show:
A watch-light to point out the path, in which I ought to go.
106 I swear (and from my solemn oath I'll never start aside)
That in thy righteous judgments I will stedfastly abide.
107 Since I with grief am so oppress, that I can bear no more;
According to thy word, do thou my fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my sacrifice of praise with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord, instruct my willing mind.
109 Tho' ghastly dangers me surround, my soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes for me their snare have laid:
Yet I have kept the upright path, nor from thy precepts stray'd.
111 Thy testimonies I have made my heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail, my drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal begun thy statutes to obey;
And till my course of life is done, shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practises I utterly detest:
But to thy laws affection bear too great to be exprest.
114 My hiding place, my refuge-tower, and shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes on thy unerring word.
115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness, approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep the precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word, from danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd, that I repose in thee.
117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe, and rescu'd from distress;
To thy decrees continually my just respect address.

118 Tho wicked thou hast trod to earth, who from thy statutes stray'd;
Their vile deceit the just reward of their own falsehood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land thou dost like dross remove;
I therefore, with such justice charm'd, thy testimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread, lest I should so offend.
When on transgressors I behold thy judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd; O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up to my oppressor's rage.
122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me, and so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud my guiltless soul oppress.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail, in long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold, and righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy servant in distress, thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart thy statutes to obey,
125 On me, devoted to thy fear, thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I the full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord, thy vengeance to employ,
When men, with open violence, thy sacred law destroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands but make their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold compar'd with them despise.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account, in all respects, divine;
They teach me to discern the right, and all false ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain, no words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them, my zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness to simplest minds conveys.
131 With eager hopes I waiting stood, and fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might the sacred skill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me, who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those that thy blest name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly word, let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind dominion have o'er me.
133 Release, entirely set me free from persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn and practise thy commands.
134 On me, devoted to thy fear, Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep, my heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn, whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord, in all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd, succeeding times shall see.
139 With zeal my flesh consumes away, my soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine, (howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth by me thy servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate, contempt from all I find;
Yet no affront or wrongs can drive thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure, when time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' trouble, anguish doubts and dread to compass me unite.
Beset with danger, still I make thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make my soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd, Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform, will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd, O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know, and stedfastly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day. prevented while I cry'd
To him on whose engaging word. my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before the midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice, and wonted favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve thy judgment ever true,
150 My persecuting foes advance, and hourly nearer draw:
What treatment can I hope from them who violate thy law?
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is, thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all thy promises sincere;
152 Concerning thy divine decrees my soul has known of old
That they were true, and shall their truth to endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord, and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress, who ne'er forgets thy law,
154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me according to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are to all who thee adore:
According to thy judgments, Lord, my fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes against my life combine;
But all too few to force my soul thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld, and was with grief oppress'd.
To see with what audacious pride thy cov'nant they transgress'd
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord, how I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth has held thro' ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm to endless ages last.

SCHIG.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause, conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast with heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war, have such transporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear, too vast to be express'd.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice, thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all with truth and justice crown'd
165 Secure, substantial peace have they who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief can them tempt, nor frowing danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd, and tho' so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care all thy commands obey'd
167 Thy testimonies I have kept, and constantly obey'd:
Beause the love I bore to them, thy service easy made.

168 From strict obedience to thy laws I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways are open to thy view.

TAU

169 To my request and earnest cry attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill, according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last before thy throne appear.
According to thy plighted word, for my relief draw near.
171 Then shall my grateful lips return the tribute of their praise,
When thou thy council hast reveal'd, and taught me thy just ways.
172 My tongue the praises of thy word, shall thankfully resound;
Becausethy promises are all with truth and justice crown'd
173 Let thy almighty arm appear and bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd my heart's free choice have made
174 My soul has waited long to see thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws thy heav'nly laws afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing my great restorer's praise;
Whose justice from the depth of woes my fainting soul shall raise.
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek, who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep distress I oft have cry'd
To God who never yet deny'd
to rescue me oppress'd with wrongs,
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send,
From lying lips my soul defend,
and from the rage of slandering tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn
Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
the constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become,
in barren Mesech's desart soil!
With Keder's wicked tents inclos'd,
To lawless savages expos'd,
who live on nought but thefts and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
and pleasure takes in others harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek,
But when to them of peace I speak,
they straight cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM CXXII.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes. from thence expecting aid:
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God, who heav'n and earth has made.
3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest, thy guardian wilt not sleep;
4 'Tis watchful care, that Isr'el guards will Isr'el's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings, thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee by day or night molest.
7 From common accidents of life his care shall guard thee still;
From the blind stroke of chance and foes that lie in wait to kill.
8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, thy God shall thee defend,
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage, safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O'TWAS a joyful sound to hear our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Isr'el, to the temple haste, and keep your festal day,
2 At Salem's court we must appear, with our assembled pow'rs;
3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd, like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither by Divine command, the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate his name with praise and pray'r.
5 Tribunals stand erected there, where equity takes place
There stands the courts and palaces of royal David's race.

6 O, pray we then for Salem's peace, for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!) who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls a constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake and friends, no less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—may peace in Salem's tow'rs a constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good, and ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 ON thee who dwell'st above the (skies), for mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants watch their master's hands, and maids their mistresses commands.
3,4 O then have mercy on us, Lord: thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us whom cruel foes oppress, grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may Isr'el say) been pleas'd to interpose,
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause, when men against us rose,
3,4,5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive, and rag'd without controul;
Their spite and pride's united floods had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who reseu'd us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up our threaten'd lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd from out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd, and we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his almighty name, our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heaven and earth, of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust, like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd by his almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side Jerusalem inclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints, to guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the just, but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek base means for his redress,
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those who righteous deeds affect:
The heart that innocence retains, let innocence protect.
5 All those who walk in crooked paths, the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream of what we wish'd to see:
2 But soon, in unaccustom'd mirth, we did our voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's praise in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the work our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great, much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof we reap the glad success.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Isr'el's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs to parch'd and thirsty lands.
5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears, may see our labours thrive:
Till finish'd withsuccess to make our drooping hearts revive.
6 Tho' he despond, that sows his grain, yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring the joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless the Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchman wakes in vain,
2 In vain we rise before the day, and late to rest repair;
Allow no respite to our toil, and eat the bread of care.
Supplies of life, with ease to them, he on his saints bestows:
He crowns their labours with success, their nights with sound repose.
3 Children, those comforts of our life, are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs, as piety's reward.
4 As arrows in a giant's hand, when marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth, their parents safeguard are.
5 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd with these prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe, at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE man is blest that fears the Lord; nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care to his appointed ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet returns of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see his wishes all succeed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine, her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants, about his tables spring;
4,5 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus: him Sion's God shall bless;
And grant him all his days to see Jerusalem's success.
6 He shall live on, till heirs from him descend with vast increase;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state, and more in Isr'el's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my youth up, may Isr'el say, they oft have me assail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits, but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plow'd my patient back with furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains, and rescu'd us from wrong,
5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout be still the doom of those,
Th ir righteous doom, who Sion hate, and Sion's God oppose.
6 Like corn upon our houses tops, untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root, has blasted in the blade
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes, but unregarded leaves:
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains to fold it into sheaves.
No traveller that passes by, vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM lowest depths of woe to God I sent my cry:
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice, and graciously reply.
3 Should'st thou severely judge, who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond, and quite renounce thy fear.
5 My soul with patience waits for thee the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built, thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out for thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch to spy the dawning day.
7 Let Isr'el trust in God, no bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence eternal succour flows.
8 Whose friendly streams to us supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse, and wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of heart, nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ in things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'st I have myself demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet like a babe that from the breast is wean'd
3 Like me, let Isr'el hope in God, his aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him, who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord, a constant place in thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a solemn oath to thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd, whom Jacob's sons adore.
3, 4 I will not go unto my house, nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes, nor sleep my eye-lids bend,
5 Till for the Lord's design'd abode I mark the destin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of rest for Jacob's God have found
6 Th' appointed place, with shouts of joy, at Ephrata we found,
And made the woods, and neighb'ring fields our glad applause resound.
7 O with due rev'rence, let us then to his abode repair;
And prostrate at his foot-stool fall'n pour out our humble pray'r.
8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with thy ark, but with thy presence blest.
9, 10 Cloath thou thy priests with righte- make thou thy saints rejoice.
(ousness,
And for thy servant David's sake hear thine anointed's voice.
11 God sware to David in his truth, (nor shall his oath be vain)
One of thy offspring after thee upon thy throne shall reign.
12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep, and to my laws submit;
Their children too upon thy throne for evermore shall sit.
13, 14 For Sion does in God's esteem, all other seats excel:
His place of everlasting rest, where he desires to dwell.
15, 16 Her stores says he, I will increase, her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests my saving health confess.
17 There David's pow'r shall long remain in his successive line,
And my anointed servant there shall with fresh lustre shine
18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst with confirm'd success, his crown shall flourish on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be how great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent in offices of love!
2 True love is like that precious oil. which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes, its costly moisture shed,
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does on Hermon's tops distil;
Or like the early drops that fall on Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts with mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days with constant blessings crown'd

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye servants that attend upon his solemn state;
That in his temple, night by night, with humble rev'rence wait,
2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands and bless his holy name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord, who heav'n and earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV, CXXXVI.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one consent, and magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord his worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house attend with constant care;
With those that to his utmost courts with humble zeal repair.
3 For this our truest int'rest is glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name, a most delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice the sons of Jacob makes;
and Isr'el's offspring for his own most valu'd treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have by glad experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r above all gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unresisted strength performs his sov'reign will;
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores that earth's deep caverns fill.
7 He raises vapours from the ground, which, poiz'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, thro' which his dreadful lightnings glare;
8 He from his store-house brings the winds; and he with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of men and beast, thro' Egypt's mourning land.
9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd thro' stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape, nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote, and mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides who Canaan's lands possess'd
12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race, he firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last, his praise shall never fail.
14 For God shall soon his people's cause with pitying eyes survey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn his kindled rage away.
15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold, the work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious (tongues, nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf, no breath their mouth supplies,
18 As senseless as themselves are they that all their skill apply.
To make them, or in dang'rous times on them for aid rely.
19 Their just returns of thanks to God, let grateful Isr'el pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race to bless the Lord delay,
20 Their sense of his unbounded love let Levi's house express;
And let all those that fear the Lord, his name for ever bless
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works in Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells, exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

* The subject of the 105th and the succeeding psalm is much of the same import, by exhorting all in general to praise God, from the consideration of the great and wonderful works of his providence.

7, 8, 9 Thro' heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
Thro' which his people went,
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed:
And famous princes foil'd
And made great monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace,
Their lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to Isr'el's race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.

For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we our weary'd limbs to rest, sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress, and Sion was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung on willow trees that wither'd there.
3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd, "Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing? or touch our harp with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our king be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
5 O Salem, our once happy seat! when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget the speaking strings with art to move.
6 If I to mention thee forbear, eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air till thy deliv'rance is my song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, in thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface," and with the groud quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be of grief and woe the wretched prey;
Blest is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay'st on us repay.
9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possest, and deaf to all the parents moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast and dash their head against the stones

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WITH my whole heart; my God and King, thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing, and bless thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat, and with thy love inspir'd;
The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.
Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear, when I to thee did cry;
And when my soul was press'd with fear, didst inward strength supply.

4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy name with praise pursue,
Whom those admir'd events convince that all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord, with cheerful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record, thy awful pow'r confess.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high, does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off, his scornful eyes beholds with just neglect.
7 Tho' I with troubles am oppress'd, he shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd and keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last, shall fix my happy state:
And mindful of his favours past shall his own work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1,2 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known my rising up and laying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, my public haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, my yet unutter'd words intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand, on ev'ry side I find thy hand.
6 O skill, for human reach too high! too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I so perfidious be, to think of once deserting thee:
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun or whither from thy presence run?
8 If up to heaven I take my flight, 'tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains, 'tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain, and fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive, and there arrest thy fugitive.
11 Or should I try to shun thy sight, beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray, would kindle darkness into day.
12 The veil of night is no disguise, no screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st as in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart, my reins, and ev'ry vital part.
Each single thread, in nature's loom by thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands a work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown, my soul with grateful joy must own.
15 Thine eyes my substance did survey, while yet a lifeless mass it lay.
In secret how exactly wrought, ere from its dark inclosure brought.
16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see its parts were register'd by thee:
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took form'd by the model of thy book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God, that since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount the pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er the sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn revising what I've done, I find the account but new begun.
19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God; depart from me ye men of blood,
20 Whose tongues heav'n's Majesty profane, and take th' Almighty's name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew, who thee with enmity pursue?
And does not grief my heart oppress, when reprobates thy laws transgress?
22 Who practise enmity to thee, shall utmost hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly detest. as if they were my foes profest.
23,24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, if mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray, and guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes of treach'rous intent:
2 And from the sons of violence, on open mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting in sharpness does exceed:
Between their lips the gall of asps, and adder's venom breed.
4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands, nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence, who have my ruin sworn.
5 The proud for me have laid their snare and spread their wily net,
With traps and gins, where-e'er I move I find my steps beset.
6 But thus environ'd with distress, thou art my God, I said,
Lord hear my supplicating voice. that calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whose saving strength kind succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head in battle's doubtful day.
8 Permit not their unjust designs to answer their desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by success, to bolder crimes aspire.
9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects of their injustice mourn,
The blast of their envenom'd breath upon themselves return.
10 Let them who kindle first the flame, its sacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me, be made their own untimely tomb,
11 Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm, it quickly will decay:
Their rage does but the torrent swell, that bears themselves away.
12 God will assert the poor man's cause, and speedy succour give:
The just shall celebrate his praise, and in his presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend, O haste to my relief:
And with accustom'd pity hear the accents of my grief.
2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands supply the place of ev'ning sacrifice.
3 From hasty language curb my tongue; and let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips with weary silence barr'd.
4 From wicked men's designs and deeds my heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share of their unrighteous gain.
5 Let upright men reprove my faults, and I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals a wounded head, I their reproof shall find.
And in return, my fervent pray'r I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd like me to sore distress.
6 When sculking in Engeddi's rock I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke, when I had pow'r to kill.
7 Yet us they persecute to death, our scatter'd ruins lie;
As thick as from the hewer's axe the sever'd splinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct my supplicating eyes;
O leave not destitute my soul, whose trust on thee relies,
9 Do thou preserve me from the snares that wicked hands have laid;
Let them in their own nets be caught while my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful voice in deep distress I pray'd:
2 Made him the umpire of my cause, my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didst my steps direct when my griev'd soul despair'd:
For where I thought to walk secure, they had their traps prepar'd,
4 I look'd, but found no friend to own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd his pity or redress.
5 To God, at last, I pray'd, thou Lord, my refuge art;
My portion in the land of life, till life itself depart.

6 Reduc'd to greatest straits, to thee I make my moan,
O! save me from oppressing foes, for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praise thy name, my soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD hear my pray'r, and to my cry thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth, a gracious answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring thy servant to be try'd,
For in thy sight no living man can e'er be justify'd.
3 The spiteful foe pursues my life, whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark as mansions of the dead.
4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd, and sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate, with heavy woes oppress.
5 I call to mind the days of old, and wonders thou hast wrought:
My former dangers and escapes employ my musing thought.
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts, like land oppress'd with drought
7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails, thy face no longer hide;
Lest I become forlorn like them that in the grave reside.
8 Thy kindness early let me hear, whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go, my soul to thee ascends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage, my soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will instruct me to obey;
Let thy good spirit conduct and keep my soul in thy right way.
11 O! for the sake of thy great name, revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd, thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord, reduce my foes to shame:
Slay them that persecute a soul devoted to thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bless'd be God the Lord, who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill to wield my arms with warlike art.
(afford
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r, my strong deliv'rance and my shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r makes to my sway fierce nations yield
3 Lord, what's in man that thou shou'dst such tender care of him to take?
(love
What in his offspring could thee move such great account of him to make?
4 The life of man does quickly fade, his thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying shade of whose short stay no signs remain.
5 In solemn state, O God descend, whilst heav'n's lofty head inclines;
The smoking hills asunder rend, of thy approach the awful signs.
6 Discharge thy dreadful lightnings and make my scatter'd foes retreat;
(round
Them with thy pointed arrows wound, and their destruction soon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
(engage
And snatch me from the stormy rage of threat'ning waves that proudly swell
Fight thou against my foreign foes, who utter speeches false and vain:
Who tho' in solemn leagues they close their sworn engagements ne'er main-
(tain,
9 So I to thee, O King of kings, in joyful hymns my voice shall raise,
And instruments of various strings shall help me thus to sing thy praise:

10 "God does to kings his aid afford "to them his sure salvation sends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring "his servant David still defends."
(sword
11 Fight thou against my foreign foes, who utter speeches false and vain
Who tho' in solemn leagues they close, their sworn engagements ne'er main-
(tain.
12 Then our young sons like trees well planted in some fruitful place;
(shall grow
Our daughters shall like pillars show, design'd some royal court to grace.
13 Our garners fill'd with various store shall us and ours with plenty feed;
Our sheep increasing more and more, shall thousands and ten thousands breed
14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow, nor in their constant labour faint;
Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know, and in our streets hear no complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that people's case, whose various blessings thus abound;
Who God's true worship still embrace, and are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King, thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring, and ever bless thy name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great, and highly to be prais'd:
Thy majesty with boundless height above our knowledge rais'd.
4 Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame to future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name successively descends.
5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown, and wond'rous works express;
The world with thee thy might shall own and thy great pow'r confess.
7 The praise that to thy love belongs, they shall with joy proclaim:
Thy truth of all their grateful songs shall be the constant theme.
8 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace his pity still supplies:
His anger moves with slowest pace, his willing mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy love thro' earth extends its fame to all thy works exprest:
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name is by thy servants blest.
11 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd, shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great pow'r by all admir'd, their lofty subject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date, shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal state with publick splendor shown.
13 His stedfast throne from changes free, shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see, but time itself out-last.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall, and makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call, who timely food supplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require, with open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just, how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust, for his assistance prays!
19 He grants the full desires of those who him with fear adore,
And all their troubles soon compose, when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preserves all those with care whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare, with furious rage destroys.
21 My time to come in praises spent, shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent, for ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, and thou my soul for ever bless his name!
His wond'rous love, while life shall last my constant praise shall claim.
3 On kings, the greatest sons of men, let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times, nor timely help apply.

4 Depriv'd of breath to dust they turn, and there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain desires together with them die.
5 Then happy he who Jacob's God for his protector takes;
Who still with well plac'd hope, the Lord, his constant refuge makes.
6 The Lord who made both heav'n and earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth, to make his promise vain.
7 The poor opprest, from all their wrongs are eas'd by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food, and sets the pris'ners free
8 By him the blind receives their sight, the weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love he for the righteous cares.
9 The strangers he preserves from harm, the orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell, is our eternal King;
From age to age his reign endures, let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praise the Lord with hymns of joy and celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis to praise his holy name,
2 His holy city God will build, tho' levell'd with the ground:
Bring back his people, tho' dipers'd thro' all the nations round.
3,4 He kindly heals the broken hearts, and all their wounds doth close;
He tells the number of the stars, their several names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r, his wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down the wicked to the ground.
7 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise with grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp, and strike each warbling string.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds and the ne refreshing rain bestows
Thro' him on mountain tops, the grass with wond'rous plenty grows.
9 He savage beasts that loosely range, with timely food supplies;
He feeds the raven's tender brood, and stops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike steed, but does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot that swiftly runs, no prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his name, his tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace with stedfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem to God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars, and does their children bless.
14, 15 Thro' all their border, he gives peace, with finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills, is done as soon as said.
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool, descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread, is scatter'd o'er the land.
17 When join'd to these, he does his hail in little morsels break;
Who can against his piercing cold secure defences make?
18 He sends his word, which melts the ice; he makes his wind to blow,
And soon the streams, congeal'd before, in plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his statutes and decrees, to Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Isr'el's chosen seed his righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boast, nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles, and knowledge of his word.

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Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundless realms of joy, Your voices raise,
Exalt your maker's fame, Ye cherubim,
His praise your song employ And seraphim,
Above the starry frame: To sing his praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

3,4 Thou moon who rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name;
By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free,
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay,
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that thro' the sea,
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales;
Fire hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.
9, 10 By hills and mountains (all
In grateful concert join'd:)
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.
11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth
His matchless praise proclaim:
In this design
Let youths and maids,
And hoary heads,
With children join.
13 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise;
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.
14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high.
And favours Isr'el's race,
Who still to him are nigh;
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX,

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord;
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harps
His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance;
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield;
7, 8 Just vengeance to take
For injuries past;
To punish those lands
For ruin design'd;
With chains, as their captives,
To tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
Their nobles to bind.
9 Thus shall they make good,
When them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
Which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy;
O therefore for ever
Exalt his great name!

The 149th Psalm is sung upon a very signal victory, and some great exploits done by the Jews, and therefore has reference to the times of David, when the people made the greatest figure, and gained the most considerable victories over their enemies.

PSALM CL.

1 O Praise the Lord in that blest place, from whence his goodness largely flows
Praise him in heav'n where he unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
(his face
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts which he in our behalf has done,
His kindness this return exacts, with which our praise should equal run,
3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice make rocks and hills his praise rebound
Praise him with harp's melodious noise, and gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring, and some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings with organs join'd his praise advance,
5 Let them who joyful hymns com- to cymbals set their song of praise;
(pose,
Cymbals of common use, and those that loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all, that vital breath enjoy, the breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ; let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As Plasm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37, and the last part of Psalm 113.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant
(host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal three in one,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

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By angels in heav'n
of ev'ry degree,
and saints upon earth
all praise be addrest,
To God in three persons
one God ever blest;
As has been, now is,
and always shall be.

FINIS.

Printed by W. Suffield & Co. Birmingham.

The Ratification.

THIS book of Articles before rehearsed, is again approved, and allowed to be holden and executed within the Realm, by the assent and consent of our sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c. Which Articles were deliberately read and confirmed again by the subscription of the Hands of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Upper House, and by the subscription of the whole Clergy of the Nether House in their Convocation, in the Year of our Lord 1571.

THE TABLE.

1. OF Faith in the Holy Trinity.
2. Of Christ the Son of God.
3. Of his going down into Hell.
4. Of his Resurrection.
5. Of the Holy Ghost.
6. Of the Sufficiency of the Scripture.
7. Of the Old Testament.
8. Of the Three Creeds.
9. Of Original Sin.
10. Of Free Will.
11. Of Justification.
12. Of Good Works.
13. Of Works before Justification
14. Of Works of Supererogation
15. Of Christ alone without Sin
16. Of Sin after Baptism.
17. Of Predestination and Election.
18. Of obtaining Salvation by Christ.
19. Of the Church.
20. Of the Authority of the Church.
21. Of the Authority of General Councils.
22. Of Purgatory.
23. Of ministering in the Congregation.
24. Of speaking in the Congregation.
25. Of the Sacraments.
26. Of Unworthiness of Ministers.
27. Of Baptism.
28. Of the Lord's Supper.
29. Of the Wicked, which eat not the Body of Christ
30. Of both Kinds.
31. Of Christ's one Oblation.
32. Of the Marriage of Priests.
33. Of Excommunicate Persons.
34. Of the Traditions of the Church.
35. Of the Homilies.
36. Of Consecration of Ministers.
37. Of Civil Magistrates.
38. Of Christian Men's Goods.
39. Of a Christian Man's Oath.

The Ratification.

A TABLE OF KINDRED AND AFFINITY,

Wherein whosoever are related, are forbidden in Scripture, and our Laws, to marry together.

A Man may not Marry his	*A Woman may not marry her*
1. GRANDMOTHER,	1. GRANDFATHER,
2. Grandfather's Wife,	2. Grandmother's Husband,
3. Wife's Grandmother.	3. Husband's Grandfather.
4. Father's Sister,	4. Father's Brother,
5. Mother's Sister,	5. Mother's Brother,
6. Father's Brother's Wife.	6. Father's Sister's Husband.
7. Mother's Brother's Wife,	7. Mother's Sister's Husband,
8. Wife's Father's Sister,	8. Husband's Father's Brother,
9. Wife's Mother's Sister.	9. Husband's Mother's Brother.
10. Mother,	10. Father,
11. Step-Mother.	11. Step-Father,
12. Wife's Mother.	12. Husband's Father.
13. Daughter,	13. Son,
14. Wife's Daughter,	14. Husband's Son,
15. Son's Wife.	15. Daughter's Husband.
16. Sister,	16. Brother,
17. Wife's Sister,	17. Husband's Brother,
18. Brother's Wife.	18. Sister's Husband.
19. Son's Daughter,	19. Son's Son,
20. Daughter's Daughter,	20. Daughter's Son,
21. Son's Son's Wife.	21. Son's Daughter's Husband.
22. Daughter's Son's Wife,	22. Daughter's Daughter's Husband,
23. Wife's Son's Daughter,	23. Husband's Son's Son,
24. Wife's Daughter's Daughter.	24. Husband's Daughter's Son.
25. Brother's Daughter,	25. Brother's Son,
26. Sister's Daughter,	26. Sister's Son,
27. Brother's Son's Wife.	27. Brother's Daughter's Husband.
28. Sister's Son's Wife,	28. Sister's Daughter's Husband,
99. Wife's Brother's Daughter,	29. Husband's Brother's Son,
30. Wife's Sister's Daughter.	30. Husband's Sister's Son.

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